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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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THIMBLE RIG A LA MODE.

THE WAY THEY DO IT ON ROCKAWAY SANDS—HOW BEAUTY AND SKILL CONSPIRE TO MAKE THE RURAL HEART SICK AND THE RURAL POCKET-BOOK SICKER, AND REALIZE THE OLD SONG: "BEWARE; TAKE CARE; SHE'S FOOLING THEE!"





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A MICHIGAN cranberry raiser has promised to marry the girl who picks the most cranberries from his marshes this season. His cranberries are very bitter, but he has gotten so used to them that he thinks he will have to try matrimony.

TWENTY-FIVE or thirty of the disconsolate wives of General Marvin, the bigamist, talk of holding a reunion. The General has as many aliases as he has wives, and, in addition to all this, he has been indicted at Richmond, Va., for forgery, larceny, bigamy and highway robbery. If General Marvin gets out, he should go West and start a Mormon settlement.

A CHICAGO doctor suggests as to Guiteau: "Let him be shot in the identical manner, in the very part of the body, that he shot the President, and then give him over to the surgeons to cure him if possible; operate on him and remove the ball—do everything to cure him that surgery could do in the case. If he did not recover, he would suffer somewhat as the President suffered. If he recovered, then hang him." Dr. Bliss might object to acting as surgeon.

It is not surprising that the train-robbery business should be a tempting one. It requires less capital than betting on horses or stock margins, its profits are a good deal more certain, and it has all the excitement of lawless adventure with no manifest risk of being shot or hanged. The alacrity with which a conductor with a pistol at his head pulls the bell-string is only equalled by the readiness with which a car-load or two of travelers throw up their hands and allow their pockets to be rifled of portable property.

THE accuracy and superior excellence of the illustrations contained in the **POLICE GAZETTE** was demonstrated beyond dispute within the past two weeks. Of No. 210 of the **POLICE GAZETTE**, which contained illustrations of the scenes and incidents of the last moments of President Garfield, over one hundred thousand copies were sold, while of the last issue over eighty thousand were sold within three days and orders are still coming in for the paper. This far exceeds the sale of any other illustrated paper in the country, but is readily understood when the uniform excellence of the **POLICE GAZETTE** is taken into consideration. The public appreciates the fact that Mr. Richard K. Fox gives them more than the worth of their money in each issue.

## AS TO YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN.

An old gentleman in the New Orleans *Times* says: Do you suppose for one moment that a youth who is perhaps earning twenty-five or thirty dollars per month and who has had little perhaps or no experience in society is fitted to become a husband? On the other hand, is a school girl, who has not yet tasted the pleasures that balls, parties and sociables alone afford, fitted to shoulder the responsibilities of a mother?

Perhaps we haven't the experience necessary to answer the questions of the old gentleman, but as he seems pretty well excited on the subject we are willing to give him our views. In the first place, we didn't know that experience in society was a *sine qua non* to making a good husband. If the old gentleman will but scan the criminal records of the country he will find that the majority of the defaulters, embezzlers and other young men who have filled the prisons are of those who have moved in society. Fast horses, wine suppers, rich dress, cigars, the opera, etc., all of which are expensive luxuries, form part of society life. A young man on thirty-five dollars a month cannot stand such a strain upon his purse, and if he once enters into society, personal pride will drive him into questionable ways of providing the means of "keeping his end up." But even if he does not resort to criminal methods of replenishing his purse, the keeping of late hours, and an irregular mode of life are not calculated to give him strong, robust health, or increase the intellectual powers. On the contrary the society man is apt to be broken down in health, of vicious habits and totally unfit for the pleasures of the domestic circle or the duties which devolve upon a husband and father. On the whole, old gentleman, if you will change your question, by substituting business experience for social experience we will cheerfully give you the negative answer you evidently deserve.

Now as to the girls, we confess we haven't as large an experience in that direction, but we fail to see how balls, parties, late hours and the whirl and twirl of society life, benefit a girl, or fit her to become a mother. Society demands of its female devotees tight lacing, old man, and tight lacing means a variety of evils, and generally a large doctor's bill after marriage. There are many other reasons why balls, parties and sociables are rather a detriment than an advantage to young girls whose aim in life is to be the mistress of a happy home and surrounded by healthy children. We think, old gentleman, you had better withdraw your questions, and study up a little.

## LEAVE GUITEAU TO THE LAW.

For some time past a number of doubtless well intentioned "cranks" have been deluging District Attorney Corkhill with suggestions as to how Guiteau should be disposed of. Some of these suggestions are not devoid of a certain rough humor, but all are ill-timed and ill-advised. It is never well for the established laws of a country to be subverted or rashly disregarded, neither is it to the credit of a country that mob law should be even attempted, much less successfully executed. Guiteau has committed a heinous crime, and by his cowardly act has caused a gloom to fall on the entire country. We candidly admit that he has forfeited all claim to consideration, yet we repeat what we have always advocated—leave him to be dealt with according to the law of the land. No person need fear that Guiteau will go unhung, or that there is not law enough in the District of Columbia to find him guilty of murder in the first degree. But perhaps the foolish people who have suggested barbarous and unlawful punishment are afflicted with *cacoethes scribendi* in an aggravated form, and really are not responsible for their waste of paper, ink and postage. Surely they do not suppose for a

single moment that their suggestions receive any consideration or answer any good purpose, or even that a law could be legally passed specially to meet Guiteau's crime. Do they not know that an *ex post facto* law is of no force and effect so far as concerns a crime already committed? It is to be hoped for the sake of common decency and the credit of the American people that this silly twaddle will cease, and that America will present to the world the grand spectacle of a nation submitting the murderer of its chief magistrate to the courts and to the punishment provided by the law.

## HE LOVED THEM BOTH.

The Alleged Escapade of an Ohio Doctor With a Mother and Daughter

The scandal of a couple of the prominent families of Batavia, Clermont county, Ohio, which has existed and increased for several years, is about to culminate in divorce proceedings. Some years ago Dr. John McDonald, of Madisonville, went to Batavia, and by his urbanity, good address and honeyed words won the heart and hand of a daughter of George L. Swing, a leading lawyer of that place. McDonald took his wife to Madisonville, but in time she complained to her father of her husband's ill-treatment, superinduced by drunkenness, and Mr. Swing took the young lady and her child back home. McDonald went once more to Batavia, and by fair promises succeeded in patching up a reconciliation, which resulted in his wife accompanying him again to Madisonville. But he resumed his old habits, and the wife returned to her father's. McDonald later went to Batavia and remained there with his wife. For a time he behaved himself, and, being a good doctor, he obtained considerable practice. In the course of events, however, he relapsed, and frequently amused himself by smashing the household furniture to pieces at home and beating his wife. A few months ago he was arrested on a warrant, issued at the instance of his wife, charging him with abusing her family. He managed to get out of the Squire's office long enough to hire a horse and buggy, with which he drove to Milford, where he took a train for the Lord knows where. Since then Dr. McDonald has not been seen in Batavia. His abuse of his wife, however, was merely a part of the dashing doctor's capers at Batavia, as will be seen further on.

John M. Neally is a well-to-do citizen of Batavia, and owns the finest residence in the place. It is quite a stylish house, of modern improvements, fitted up elegantly, if not luxuriously, and is surrounded by about four acres of ground. He had a wife and daughter, neither of whom is extraordinary good-looking, but both old enough to behave themselves. For several years Dr. McDonald carried on a flirtation with Mrs. Neally and her daughter Martha, they frequently going buggy riding, together or singly, with him, and remaining absent from home for hours at a time—often all night.

During the absence of Mr. Neally the mother and daughter grafted articles of furniture and other valuables from his house until they proved sufficient to fit out a house at Mount Carmel, when, four or five months ago, they left their home at Batavia and took up their abode in the Mount Carmel domicile, where they are at present residing. It is alleged that Martha Neally is for the second time enceinte, and the charge has been made that an abortion was produced in the first case. Mrs. Neally has brought suit in Hamilton county for alimony and separate maintenance, and Mr. Neally has filed a petition for divorce.

## BACK TO HOME AND HUBBY.

A Bride of Three Months Caught in the Company of Her Paramour.

About three months ago a very handsome young lady of respectable family of Toronto, Ohio, named Mollie E. Robertson, was clandestinely married to a fellow named Smith. She was only sixteen years of age, and socially greatly the superior of Smith. The marriage created quite a stir, and her parents were very angry. After living with her husband one month she left him, and since then there have been rumors that she was entirely too intimate with a young chap named Spencer A. Cooper.

Last week Cooper and Mrs. Smith disappeared from Toronto, and Monday night her father, accompanied by Marshal C. P., arrived in Steubenville on the hunt for them, and their search was successful; for on going to Mossgrove Hotel the couple were found occupying the same room and bed as man and wife. The father was terribly excited, and endeavored to shoot both his daughter and Cooper, but was prevented by the marshal. He finally quieted down, and the marshal then arrested the guilty pair, and both are now in jail. What the outcome will be we can not certainly tell, but the girl will probably be taken back home and Cooper punished by the law.

## SEASONING.

A YASSAR college girl, upon being asked if she liked codfish balls, said she never attended any.

A DUTCH judge, on conviction of a culprit for having four wives decided: He has punishment plenty; I lift mit one.

It isn't because a woman is exactly afraid of a cow that she runs away and screams. It is because gored dresses are not fashionable.

TEACHER to small boy: "What does the proverb say about those who live in glass houses?" Small boy: "Pull down the blinds."

"NOAH a native of this country? Absurd!" "Yes, but he was." "Yes, but he wasn't." "Yes, but he was; he looked out of his Ark an' saw I!"

AN ARIZONA boy killed himself with a pistol because his mother wouldn't give him money to go to a circus. The boys are all reading this item to pa and ma.

MR. HEEP said to a drunken fellow: "If I were in your place I would go out to the woods and hang myself." The answer was: "If youz in my plaiish, you couldn't get there."

SPOONY dry goods clerk to smart miss trying on a hat before the mirror: "I wish I was a looking glass!" Smart miss: "Yes, perhaps you'd get more girls to look at you then."

"MR. SMITH," said a lady at a fair, "won't you please buy this bouquet to present to the lady you love?" "Wouldn't be right," said Smith, "I'm a married man."

At the conclusion of the ceremony at a marriage in this city, a sweet innocent sat down to the piano and thoughtfully struck up, "What Shall the Harvest be?" and could not understand what the others were laughing at.

"AMANTHA," he murmured, with pathos in his voice, "why do you quiver at my touch? Why do you shrink from my embrace as the startled fawn trembles at the rustling of the autumn leaves?" "I've been vaccinated," she said.

"WHAT a rough fellow that Sniggins is!" petulantly exclaimed the Hopdale girl after a struggle with the aforesaid Sniggins at "Copenhagen." "He nearly smothered me!" "And did you kiss him for his smother?" asked the other miss, naively.

A LADY in a Fourteenth street store, New York city, while gossiping with another on Friday, said: "Well, she may say that I have not been away for the summer, but I've saved enough money for the handsomest seal-skin cloak in the block; then who'll crow?"

"Do you love her still?" asked the judge of a man who wanted a divorce. "Certainly I do," said he. "I love her better still than any other way; but the trouble is she never will be still." The judge, who is a married man himself, took the case under advisement.

A WOMAN cured her husband of staying out late at night by going to the door when he came home and whispering through the keyhole: "Is that you, Willie?" Her husband's name is John, and he stays at home every night now, and sleeps with one eye open and a revolver under his pillow.

"WHERE should I wear an engagement ring?" Wear it on the second finger of the right hand, if everything is open and above board; but if you do not want the old people to know of the engagement we would advise you to wear it in the right-hand corner of an old stripped stocking, in the bottom of the bureau drawer.

OUR girl sings, "I hid my head in a nest of roses." Did you, my dear, did you? That was wise in you to hide it among the roses. Now, if you had covered it up in a nest of cabbage, when you came to pick it out again you could not have told, for the life of you, which head was yours. Stick to the roses, Addie, every time.

MOTHER of aesthetic young lady at Long Branch: "Julia, you haven't been in bathing yet?" "No, mamma." "What is the reason?" "I don't like to tell, mamma." "Stuff! let me know at once." "Because Mr. DeLacy's dog comes down to look at me every time I go to the bath-house, and I know Mr. DeLacy sends him," said the blushing Julia.

"JUST keep your bottle of whiskey in your closet, and when the girl brings you your hot shaving water in the morning you can mix your toddy quickly and not a soul will know a thing about it," said the M. D. The plan worked well until the old man's daughter thought he must be going insane, because he wanted to shave five or six times a day.

A YOUNG man, pale and visibly agitated, hurriedly entered a drug store late one night and accosting the clerk said: "Give me an ounce of chlorate of potash, will you; as quick as you can!" Observing his perturbation, the clerk ventured to ask: "What's your hurry?" "Why, I've been kissing our Sunday-school teacher since 9 o'clock, and she didn't tell me till ten minutes ago that she was afraid she had the diphtheria."

A SHORT time ago a gentleman sent, as a gift to the lady, a pair of Colorado jacks, which, of course, tickled their boyish fancies immensely after they had learned the important lesson of non-interference with the business end of the animals. One of the boys had been giving a lady caller a glowing description of the pets, which led to the query: "Are your jacks gentle, Frank?" "Well, yes, ma'am," said Frank. "They are awful tame in front, but you bet they're awful wild behind."

"COME here, Reginald. Can't you kiss the lady? That's a good boy," said a New Haven mother, as she coaxed her pet to stop for a moment the process of parboiling his thumb in his mouth. "My, what a dirty face that boy has," was the exclamation of the frank caller. "Yes, I know; but you see by the time I get through washing faces for eight children the first one washed gets dirty again. It's a great deal of care, you know." "So it is, come to think. If I were you I'd hire a hose cart to stop here every half hour and rinse em off." Hydrostatic coolness now exists between these ladies.

"Do you mean to swear," said the foreman of the jury to the witness, "that at the time of the quarrel which constitutes this action you saw the prisoner with a coal-scuttle in his hands making ready to heave it at his wife?" "Not exactly," said the witness with considerable hesitation. "I mean to swear that I saw the prisoner with a coal-scuttle in his hands." In what attitude was he then? queried the presiding judge. "Well, now since your honor has asked me, I'll tell the truth. The prisoner was lying down with the coal-scuttle over his head and his wife on top of it." The jury returned a verdict of not guilty.



## FOLLY'S QUEENS;

OR,

WOMEN WHOSE LOVES HAVE  
RULED THE WORLD.

## CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"Josephine lost everything she had in the world and found herself a captive by a tribe of savages. Regular cannibals they were, too. Well, she sang to them and charmed them into complete docility. 'Music hath charms,' etc., you know. She was gone from here a year, and returned by a ship from the Sandwich Islands, where she had managed to make her way. Her account of her life among the cannibals was one of the funniest things I ever heard. She brought one of the native women's costumes with her and used to masquerade in it sometimes for her friends' amusement. There was not much to the costume, but she had a droll way of mimicking in it.

"She married the late George Evans, the musical director, but they did not live happily and were divorced after awhile. She got into a way of drinking odious stuffs, gin and such things, and did not seem to keep herself quite as exclusive as formerly. I lost track of her for some time, but a few years ago heard of her in Sacramento, where she met with a runaway accident which caused the amputation of a leg and thus permanently crippled her. She came to my room one day, awhile after that, and I was greatly shocked at the change in her appearance. She was on crutches, was haggard and worn, and I easily believed her when she told me she was penniless and starving. I was one of her oldest friends, she said, and asked me for assistance. I gave it to her, of course; but a man in my—situated as I am, you know, could not have her coming to my room to beg, and somehow I lost track of her again.

"The last that I heard of her was that she appeared at the doors of the theatres on the days the actors were paid off, and begged from the members of the fraternity she once shone so in."

From the condition her one-time worshipper thus coldly describes, poor Josephine travelled by rapidly succeeding stages to the mire such lives as hers usually end in. She preserved little of her old accomplishments save her skill at the piano. Thanks to that, she obtained employment at a beer garden where she made music for the vulgar revellers.

Even this was not enough. From the saloon she descended to the dive, and at last she was glad to obtain employment from 8 to 12 o'clock at night, hammering the piano in a Jackson street groggery, frequented by the roughest class of hoodlums and sand-lotters.

She lived on Montgomery avenue, in a single room with a man named Bower, whom she supported with the money she earned playing. She cooked his meals, chopped wood for his fires, turned her earnings over to him, and in return was brutally beaten with much regularity. On Tuesday night she returned to her room as usual a little after midnight, and not finding Bower in the room called for him in an adjoining room occupied by a man known as "Pretzel Johnny." Soon afterward the other inmates were awakened by her screams, heard the sound of brutal blows, a woman's voice crying, "God help me! God help me!" and then a heavy fall upon the floor.

Half an hour afterwards Bower woke up one of the women in the house and said his "wife" was very sick. He was advised to do what he could for her, but soon went again to the woman's door and asked her to come and see his wife. The woman and her husband dressed and went to Bower's room and saw Josephine—dead.

The police surgeon, who made the autopsy, reported the cause of death to be "chronic alcoholism." The reporter looked at the body and saw three marks, which could only have been produced by cruel blows on the head and face. However her death came to her, it was a welcome one, as can readily be believed.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE MISFORTUNES OF A LAWLESS GENIUS.

On the 15th day of June, 1835, in a little village a few miles from New Orleans, a babe of the feminine gender was born, who was destined to justify the opinion of foreign critics, "that for chic, recklessness and goaheaditiveness the American girl excels her sisters of every other nation in the world."

This promising little bundle of femininity was christened Adelaide McCord, and long before she could lisap a word was voted by the women in the neighborhood "the most precious minx in Louisiana." As she grew in years this estimate was fully sustained by the sprightly Adah. She astonished her teachers in the village school by her aptness in learning, and shocked them by her disregard for the proprieties of society. She could indulge in all sorts of mischief, play all manner of pranks, and then discount the most studious

scholar in school in having an understanding of her lessons. Punishment acted as fuel for further violations of the rules governing the school, and at length she was expelled.

Shortly after this event she created a great sensation in her native village by becoming a convert to the Jewish faith. Several of her neighbors were Hebrews, and she was in the habit, whether from a desire to be eccentric or out of curiosity, of accompanying their daughters to the synagogue. The doctrines of Judaism charmed her, and she was finally baptized into that belief, and assumed the name of Isaacs. Several of her biographers have fallen into the error of claiming that she was a Jewess by birth, owing to the fact that she belonged to that creed.

The country village soon became too limited a sphere for the daring Menken's ideas and aspirations, and accordingly one fine spring morning she took French leave for fresh fields and pastures new.

New Orleans was her first stopping place. She installed herself in a cheap boarding-house, paid all her money for a week's board, and then began to take reckoning of her future movements and prospects. She had resolved to become an actress, but was entirely ignorant of the means to gratify this desire.

While looking over the list of wants in one of the dailies she came across an advertisement for young ladies to dance in the ballet of a spectacular play soon to be produced at one of the leading theatres of the city. She forthwith repaired to the theatre, found the manager, and applied for a position as a danseuse. In reply to his question whether she had ever had any experience, she frankly answered "No; that made no difference to her. She could dance as well as any of his troupe."

Her beauty, vivacious manner and evident intelligence doubtless made the astute manager less critical than he would have been with a young lady less fortunate in personal charms. She was engaged, and on the night of her debut proved that she had not overrated her accomplishments.

She rapidly rose in her chosen profession, and was soon counted a favorite among theatre-goers of the Crescent City. After stopping a year in New Orleans, she joined a troupe and visited Havana. The social atmosphere of this lively city was just suited to the temperament of the young actress. The susceptible Spaniards were fascinated by her beauty and abandon. She flirted with a purpose, and many a heart fluttered with pride at her attentions, and many a pocket-book was lightened. She was called the "Queen of the Plaza," a title she won by the magnificence of her equipage when she appeared in public.

Returning to New Orleans, she rested from her theatrical duties for a few months, during which time she turned her attention to literature, and produced a small volume of poems entitled "Memories," under the non de plume of "Indignia." There was nothing startlingly original about these effusions, taken as a whole. Some of them, however, evinced a poetic talent of no mean order. They served, however, to enhance the interest the public had already begun to take in her, and therein Adah no doubt found her recompense. She had tasted the first sweets of fame, and yearned feverishly for more.

The quiet walks of literature soon became irksome to the restless Adah, and she again took to the stage. While playing an engagement in Galveston, in 1856, she married a musician named Alexander Menken, and with him returned to New Orleans. Her first venture in matrimony was not a success. Menken demurred to her capers, and made himself such a stern reality to her that she went to the accommodating State of Indiana and obtained a divorce.

Freed from matrimony's cares she entered the studio of T. D. Jones, in Columbus, Ohio, and began the study of sculpture. This latest freak, for it was nothing else, soon lost its novelty. There wasn't excitement enough about it for her. Her nature delighted in turmoil, and esthetic occupations that did not furnish this element soon lost their charm.

It was in the early part of 1863 that she applied at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, for an engagement. She needed money badly and was willing to play in the stock if necessary, although her earnest desire was to be starred in Mazeppa. At first the manager put her off, but business being frightfully bad, concluded to give her a chance.

After mature deliberation they decided it would be cheaper to play her as a star on shares, as in that case unless expenses came in she would get nothing, whereas if they gave her a stock engagement they would be responsible for her salary whether the houses were good or bad.

Mazeppa being settled upon as the opening piece, the next thing was to get a horse, as Miss Menken in those days did not travel with such a piece of property. After a despairing search of forty-eight hours nothing suitable could be found, and the would-be star was obliged to put up with a livery hack of the most ordinary description. Her blood was up, however, and she worked faithfully with the beast, remaining with him on the stage every afternoon when the rehearsal was over, firing pistols at his ear, forcing him up the runs at his best speed, and in a general way omitting nothing which might assist him in going through his part successfully at night.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A "MASHER" MASHED.

The Tender Feelings of a Member of a Traveling Comedy Troupe, for a Beautiful Ohio Girl, Causes a Small Sided Riot—Slung Shots and Trombones—A Pistol that Wouldn't "Go Off"—The Dangers of Interfering With an Accepted Suitor.

Considerable excitement was raised on Broadway, near Fourth street, Middletown, Ohio, last week, by a fight between Elmer Burnett, a comrade by the name of Messler and a young man named Livingston, a member of the E. G. White Comedy Troupe, which had been playing in Leibel's Hall for several nights. During the stay of the troupe, Livingston "made a mash" on a young girl named Zilliox to whom Burnett had for some time been paying attention, and, as a natural result, the "green-eyed monster" took possession of Burnett, and he determined to be revenged upon his successful rival. Accordingly, he secured the co-operation of his friend Messler, and knowing that Livingston and the girl were on the street taking a walk they watched their opportunity, and at the time above mentioned pounced suddenly upon Livingston, and while Messler held his arms Burnett plied blow after blow full in his face, until Livingston, by a desperate effort, freed himself from his assailants and without offering resistance hastily made his way to the hotel, where the rest of the troupe were waiting to go to the depot, to which they soon went.

After leaving Livingston, Burnett and Messler hunted up three or four more companions, and all proceeded to the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Depot with the avowed purpose of wreaking further vengeance upon Livingston, as well as the balance of the troupe if they interfered. In this purpose they counted without their host, as the sequel proved, for when the train arrived, Conductor Hayes in charge, the members of the troupe boarded the train, being followed immediately by Burnett and his gang, who at once began an attack upon the whole party, who proved more than a match for the discomfited lover and his aids. During the indiscriminate fight, which lasted fully five minutes, musical instruments, slung-shots, pistols, canes, fists, and valises were freely used, and the wildest excitement was produced among the lady passengers in the other cars. Several members of the troupe were struck and every one of the attacking party was more or less injured, and had the train not been stopped and the roughs summarily ejected from the car there would certainly have been a loss of life to chronicle. Livingston snapped his revolver twice in succession at Burnett, and was so mad over its failure to "go off," that he threatened afterward to break it to pieces. Constable Cooch, who was taking a colored boy to Hamilton, charged with attempting to kill his brother with a pitchfork, was in the same car with his prisoner, and took an active part in quelling the disturbance and getting the offenders off the car.

While at Middletown the show people proved themselves a quiet, well-behaved, good-mannered troupe, and it is to be regretted that so unfortunate an affair occurred; but they must take warning by their experience, that it is not safe at all times to infringe upon a lover's rights, even if the girl does say that she "don't care a fig for the other fellow." The innocent cause of the whole trouble went as far as Hamilton on the same train, and during the scramble and fight was in another car, in a state of fear and anxiety pitiable to see. Whether she intends to follow the fortunes of her new-found friend remains to be seen; but it is evident she has a hankering in that direction. The fight was witnessed, as far as possible, by fully a hundred people, who surrounded the train, and who had followed the Burnett gang to the scene.

## SHE LOVES A LAWYER,

And Wants Five Thousand Dollars For the Loss of Her Affections.

Lovers of scandal, if any such there be in Milwaukee, have a treat in store in a breach of promise suit which will be tried in the Circuit Court. The first papers in the case were filed in the office of County Clerk Wechselberg last week.

The parties involved are Kerrillo Shawvan, a young attorney of Milwaukee, and Fannie C. Kellogg. The latter person figures as plaintiff and the former as defendant. The plaintiff alleges in her complaint that on or about the 24th day of December, 1879, at the city of Milwaukee, in consideration of the defendant being then unmarried, she had, "at the special instance and request of the defendant," promised to marry him; that, confiding in the promise and undertaking of the defendant, she has since remained, and is now, single; and that she has been and is still ready and willing to marry him. She further alleges that on or about the 10th of January, 1881, she requested the defendant to marry her, and that he has "wholly neglected and refused to do so." In conclusion, the com-

plaint sets forth that the plaintiff, in consideration of defendant's promise, "did at divers times during the year 1880, pay out to the defendant and expend in preparing for her intended marriage, large sums of money amounting in all to the sum of \$500;" and that by reason of defendant's neglect and refusal to marry her she has suffered great mental anguish and is greatly injured in her condition and prospects in life, and is damaged in the sum of \$5,000. She therefore prays for a judgment for the amount named, together with the costs of the present action. T. O'Meara is the plaintiff's attorney. As yet no one has been retained for the defense, and it is possible that the defendant may conduct his own case.

## BETTER THAN A CIRCUS.

A Heroic Conductor Finds His Wife in Bed With a Lover, and Calls in the Neighbors to Enjoy the Fun.

They may tell of the hero who plunges to death at the mouth of the belching cannon; they may speak of him, who, in desperation, makes the fearful leap for life; they may tell of heroes and heroines who have filled the world with wonder at their deeds or misdeeds; they may vaunt their praises in prose and song, but for true heroism commend us to Conductor Davis of the Lake Shore Railroad whose conduct was the essence of sublimity while in the presence of his wife who laid scrumptiously in bed encased in the arms of Fleming, station agent at Collinwood, Ohio. Though armed with a seven shooter, which he sternly pointed at their recumbent figures, he manfully restrained the demon necessarily surging at his heart and coursing through his brain sufficient to disturb any ordinary man's equilibrium at such a trying moment. The quick flash of thought might have whispered "justifiable homicide" if he had shot the guilty pair; but Davis was above the ordinary temperament of men and he more wisely decided to afford them a better living doom; so, in contra distinction to the joy the woman felt at the recovery of her piece of silver, he threw up the window and called on his friends and his neighbors to witness the glorious feast the covered pair had been indulging in; they, with one accord, rushed to the scene of so much mingled bliss, love, and hatred and beheld the discovered cuss rise from his "treat," hastily don his unmentionables and departed showered with the curses of every witness, and followed by the erring wife, who, rumor hath it, that she is a very decidedly pretty woman, one whose dainty and lascivious appearance was quite sufficient to entrap the weak soul of him who thinks but little of the seventh commandment. It appears the husband had strong grounds for suspicion that his presumably loving wife thought that she possessed more charms than should be conferred entirely on one individual; hence instead of departing on his usual night trip, he engaged a substitute, doubling back on his home at midnight with the results stated. A medal should be struck for the hero who can so coolly restrain himself under such circumstances. The railroad company need feel proud of such a man in its employ, for there is that within him which will stand in good stead when the signal of danger is ignored or unobserved along the line. A few more such heroes it would indeed be a pleasure to hear from.

## TWENTY-SEVEN MINUTES OF LOVE

Cause a Couple in Cleveland to Become One—Each Having Just Been Divorced.

Joseph I. Nowakowsky is a Bohemian citizen of Cleveland, O., who was hitched in the harness hymeneal with Sophia Nowakowsky. For some reason best known to herself, possibly because she was afraid he would hit her with his name, Sophia left the house of Joseph, and remained absent therefrom for more than three years. Joseph did not propose to have a wife who would not bake his rye bread and boil his coffee, and therefore applied for and received a decree of divorce from Judge McKinney last Thursday.

On the same day, and immediately after the resolving of the two Nowakowskys, who had been one, into their former dual nature, Anna Masek was separated from her husband, John, by action of the same judge. As it chanced, Joseph Nowakowsky and Anna Masek, although strangers, had employed the same attorney, Mr. Nowak, and at the conclusion of the divorce trials started with him to his office. Mr. Nowak congratulated each on the successful result of their suits, and introduced them that they might congratulate each other. The effect of this introduction was wholly unlooked for by the introducer, for Joseph took Anna by the arm and said:

"Now I've got no wife, and you've got no husband. Let's you and me get married."

Anna expressed her willingness, and they procured a license, and wended their way to Mr. Nowak's office, and these two, who had never met before, were joined in holy wedlock by Justice Peck just twenty-seven minutes after each had escaped from the galling bonds of matrimony.





FOUR OF A KIND.

HOW A WICKED MAN WITH MORMON PROPENSITIES FARED AT THE HANDS OF THE INJURED INNOCENTS, AND WAS MADE TO PAY FOR HIS FUN; PORTLAND, OR.

#### Worse than a Corn.

Last Sunday, after Miss Ida Petet, of Waxahachie, Texas, had returned from church, she stepped into her room to exchange her shoes for a more comfortable pair. When she put her foot into the shoe that had been left at home she found it had been occupied by a snake. She gave a scream and her father ran to her assistance. He picked up the shoe and tried to shake the reptile out, but it popped out its head, causing him to drop the shoe instantly. He then kicked shoe and all into the yard and finally succeeded in ousting the trespasser, which proved to be a ground rattlesnake more than twelve inches in length. It suffered death.

#### Contempt for the Powers that Be.

The citizens residing near Wiwatta street, in Denver, Col., were recently aroused by the action of the mayor and council of that city

in granting permission to a railroad company to lay car-tracks through Wiwatta street. Public feeling ran high and culminated in the hanging in effigy of the mayor and two of the offensive aldermen, Bandhauer and McLellan. Bandhauer chuckles over the idea of his image hanging suspended from a telephone pole; McLellan says it matters not to him, as his good character is so well known in Denver, and Mayor Sopris says "they can go to h—l."

#### Four of a Kind.

There is a chap living near Portland, Oregon, who has been practicing Mormonism on a modest scale. He only had four wives, all living in the same neighborhood but unknown to each other. Recently there was a picnic and all of the wives attended. They met, compared notes, but instead of fainting or screaming they just went for that wicked man, and before he effected his escape they made him wish that he had never been born.



HE WENT ONE BETTER

HOW A GAMBLER ATTEMPTED TO SAVE THE POT AND WAS QUICKLY "CALLED" BY HIS OPPONENT; HOUSTON, TEX.



"OUCH! OH! MURDER!"

WHY A YOUNG LADY RELINQUISHED HER SLIPPER WITHOUT STOPPING TO DISPUTE OWNERSHIP OR QUESTION THE RIGHT OF POSSESSION; WAXAHACHIE, TEX.

#### Gone and Forgotten.

About two months ago a husband and wife in Denver, Col., named A. S. and Nellie A. Dyer, ceased to live together. The wife claims that she had long wished a separation, as her husband abused her and failed to support her. She had repeatedly asked him to leave her and thus render her free to earn her own living, but until this separation he had stoutly refused. After the separation the wife began to support herself by sewing, being employed in the capacity of seamstress by a lady. In the meantime her husband gave out that he was going to leave soon, and proposed to sell what household furniture they had, which was all the wealth that the couple possessed. The wife induced the lady who employed her to buy this furniture for her, giving all the money she had to bind the bargain. The man having disposed of the furniture, pretended to leave town on an emigrant wagon, claiming that he was going to Oregon. But instead of doing this he engaged rooms close beside the

house where his wife lived, where he could watch all her movements. On last Monday night he found that there was a man in her room, and going to the house he broke in the door, entered the room where the parties were, and struck the man over the head with a bludgeon. The man assaulted ran half dressed into a alley at the back of the house, the injured husband in hot pursuit. The next day the husband was arrested by officer Kester for housebreaking and disturbing the peace, etc., and was arraigned before Justice Whittemore. The lady, who is dark haired and mild eyed, spoke in a weak voice. The man is a tall blonde individual, well dressed and not ill looking. It was pretty evident that there were two sides to the case, but the man who had been driven out of the house had clearly no right there, as no divorce had taken place. Dyer was discharged on the charges of housebreaking and assault, with the injunction that whatever personal property the other man had lost in the affair should be restored to him. Public sympathy is just now with the wife.



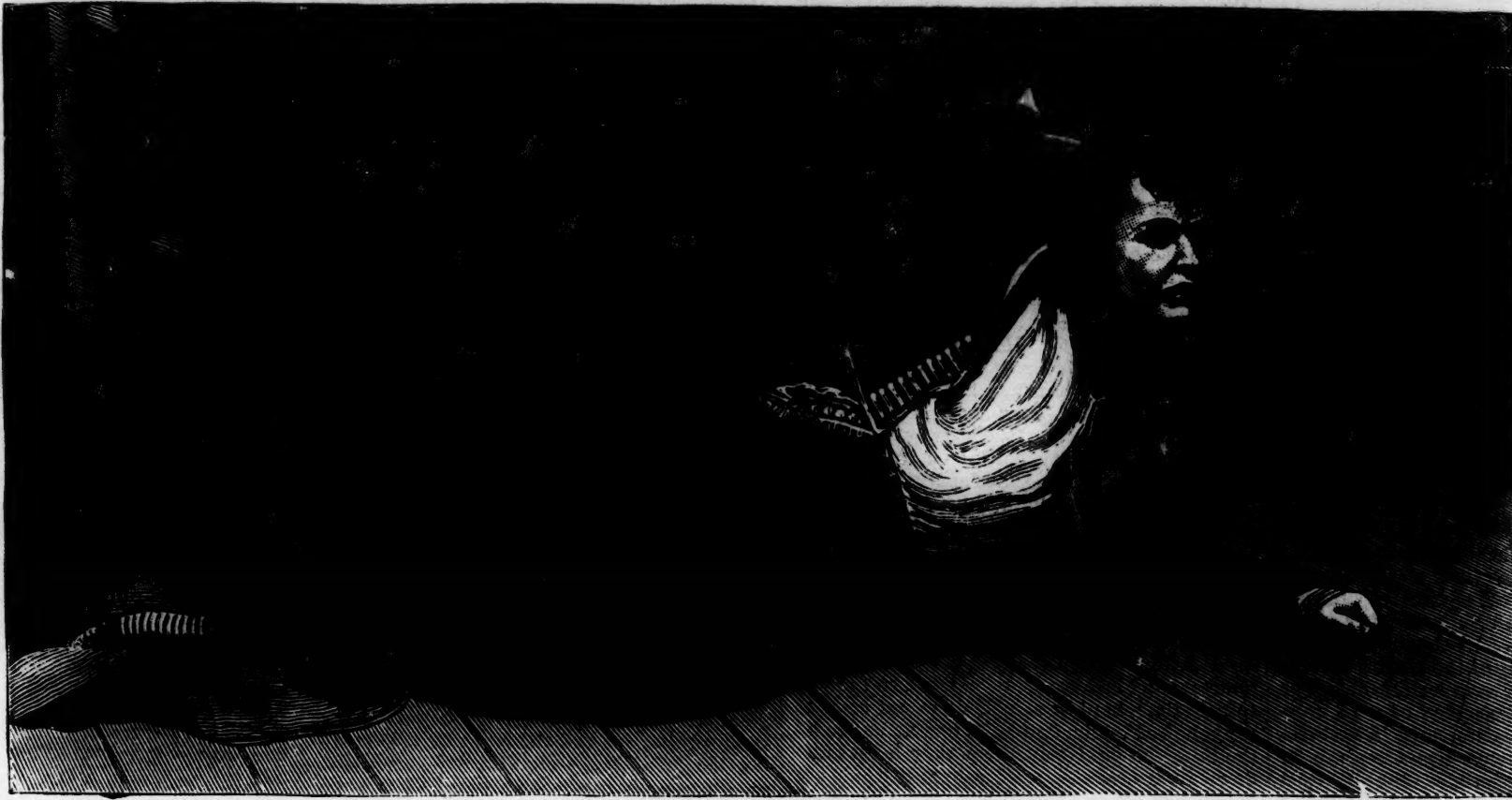
GENTLE HINTS

GIVEN TO DENVER'S, COL., DADDIES—HOW THE CITIZENS OF THAT TOWN EXPRESSED THEIR WRATH AGAINST DERELICT PUBLIC OFFICIALS.



### A Turtle Race.

Jacksonville, Fla., was recently enlivened by a race between several young ladies mounted on huge turtles. It was with some difficulty that the turtles were started, but by the application of red-hot irons to the hind flippers, a good race was inaugurated. The turtles put for the water at a lively pace, and it was hard work for the girls to hang on. Several were dismounted and the winner of the race had to roll off her turtle in order to escape a ducking. The turtle



FOLLY'S QUEENS—NO. FIVE.

ADAH ISAAC MENKEN,

THE AMERICAN GIRL WHOSE LIAISONS WERE THE TALK OF TWO CONTINENTS.

cyclone of excitement in the village, as the parties interested are connected with some of the best families in the neighborhood. It is not improbable that two divorce suits will result from this escapade.

A native of Flint River township went limping and groaning into the office of the new doctor with the blue and gold sign and the Latin diploma, and the new buggy, and the chestnut horse with a blaze face. "It's the rheumatiz, doc," groaned the patient; "my whole back is just gone with it. I'm

### The Ninth Part of a Man.

Roann, a village in Indiana near the Miami county line, is "all tore up" over a case of criminal intimacy which has been made public. Living in Roann is a tailor named Wolf Samuels, who has always borne a good reputation. He is a man of sixty years of age, and the head of quite an interesting family. The woman in the case is a Mrs. Fogarty, very handsome and but twenty years of age. It appears that Fogarty and his wife roomed in the same building in which Samuel's tailor-shop was located, and that in this way the two became acquainted. John Fogarty, husband of the woman, has long suspected that all was not right with his wife, and on Sunday morning he told her that he intended taking a nap. She then stated her intention of going to a neighbor, and promised to be back before dinner time. She hardly closed the door before Fogarty arose and followed her to the residence of Dick Johnson, who, by the way, does not bear an irreproachable reputation. Fogarty saw his wife enter Johnson's house, and, entering also, asked Johnson if his wife was there. Johnson stated that he had not seen Mrs. Fogarty that morning, and then Fogarty swore that his wife was in the house and that he would have her. He searched but a short time until he reached a bedroom door which was locked. Throwing his whole weight on the frail door he broke it open, and there, snugly locked up in bed with Samuels, was his erring wife. The guilty pair hastily dressed, and in attire rather scanty for a public promenade the two fled down the street, closely pursued by Fogarty, who held aloft a big club which he had picked up. Samuels, however, escaped, and went over to Rochester, to which point he has written his wife and children to come. Mrs. Fogarty, after reaching home, packed her duds, and when last seen was going west on a Wabash railroad train. The affair occasioned a regular



JULES BERRANT,

ALIAS "DOC" BENSON, VALET OF THE LAST TICHBORNE CLAIMANT, NOW IN BUFFALO, N. Y.



MISS JENNIE FERRIS,

OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.—DAUGHTER OF CHARLES OGDEN FERRIS, ALIAS SIR ROGER TICHBORNE.

splashed off the dock and evidently had had enough of the fun, for it dove, and has not been seen since. An animated dispute then arose between the owner of the turtle and the managers of the race, as to who should stand the loss, which was settled by the owner accepting a kiss from the winner in full satisfaction of all claims.

It is told that one of the suitors of a great heiress at Saratoga had the bad taste to say to her that, as far as money went, if she accepted him, the match would not be so very unequal, as he had quite a fortune of his own. She crushed him with the answer:

"My good sir, I have money enough now. What I am looking for is a man with brains." She is still unengaged.



IN FOR A DUCKING.

HOW TWO PRETTY GIRLS VARIED THE MONOTONY OF LIFE AND CAUSED A SHORT SUPPLY OF TURTLE STEAKS; JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

one broad ache from the back of my neck clean down to the hips. I'm a suffering the torments of the—

"Let me see your tongue," said the new doctor. "Ah yes; I see, I see. That will do. Take this prescription, get it filled, and use as directed. Four dollars." "By hokey," said the afflicted one, as he hobbled away, "ef I ain't the luckiest man in Flint River. Four dollars for looking at my tongue, an' I was jest on the bare point of askin' him to look at my whole back." And he breathed hard as he thought by what a narrow escape he had saved his whole farm.

—Burlington Hawkeye.

A DRUNKARD took his eleven-year-old son on a spree at Maquokete, Iowa, and gave him so much liquor that the boy died.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## A Lovely Law-Breaker.

A three-card monte man plied his illegitimate craft near the steamboat landing at Rockaway on Wednesday, attracting quite a crowd. From time to time he would cast a malevolent glance up the footway and make some remark about a swindling game up there. This attracted a POLICE GAZETTE reporter's attention to another crowd gathered some hundred feet away, which upon closer inspection proved to be collected about a woman who was carrying on a thimble-rig game after the most approved fashion. She was a woman of thirty, with a handsome face, but a hard mouth and keen, quick eyes; solitaires sparkled in her ears and on the fingers with which she deftly manipulated the tools of her trade flashed several valuable gems. Her attire was in the latest style and of costly material, and she wore it with the nonchalance of one accustomed to such sumptuous gorgeousness.

A couple of cappers, one an elegantly dressed young fellow, with a three-carat solitaire in his shirt front and its mate on his left little finger, and the other an elderly individual in a black suit of a clerical cut, with white cravat and broad-brimmed felt hat assisted her. Trade was dull, however, and in spite of the fascinations of the rigger and the encouragement of her supporters, only one victim advanced to the sacrifice of a \$5 note. He went away after creating quite a disturbance, and the three tricksters after a brief colloquy departed towards the nearest aostelry with a negro boy carrying the stand on which the illusive balls had rolled about under the deceptive cups. An ancient personage who smelled too strongly of fish to be mistaken for anything but a native, observed to the reporter:

"It's just too rich for anything. I was expecting a fight all along, for it's bound to come."

"That countryman did cut up rather rough," assented the reporter.

"Countryman be blowed," responded the native. "It's the monte man down thar I'm talkin' about. They's been a row brewin' between them all summer and just wait if you want to see the hair fly."

"Whose hair do you mean?"

"Why his and the woman's, both. You see they used to be partners, accordin' to the laws of the State of New York, but she got mashed on that young chap you seen with her. Her and the old man had no end of rows, and last month I seen him lay her out with an umbrella up in the saloon there. Then she left him, and the next I knowed was workin' a thimble game. I guess she does it more to spite him than anything else. She gets as close to where he sets his stand up as she can, and the sight of a woman dealing such a game, tracts the people from him right along. You'd just die a laughing to see how mad he gets sometimes. He just rears around, and once he went for the young chap and gey him a terrible whaling. I never seen a man worse laid out, but lo and behold, he came out next day, all tied up in rags, and they kep' the game up as lively as ever. It's as good as a circus, and don't cost nothing either unless you're sucker enough to bet your eyes again her fingers, in which case it's your own fault and nobody else's."

Among the knowing ones at the beach the word is spoken of with much humor. Rockaway enjoys this year the attentions of quite a crop of those speculators on the capital of public credulity whose operations are not sanctioned by the law, and the actors in this little drama are well known to all of them. The fair professor of the thimble rig is said to be an ex-business woman of the class not acknowledged in polite society, who retired to private life some years ago to share her savings with a well-known small gambler upon whom she had chosen to lavish her favor. This gentleman, like all of his class, no sooner found himself prosperous than he proceeded to waste his prosperity after the only fashion known to him and this year found it necessary to resume trade or starve. His benefactress backed him in a monte game, with which he opened the season at Rockaway only to find himself supplanted there by a detested rival. The GAZETTE representative found him, on Wednesday afternoon, recuperating for a renewal of his labors on roast clams and beer, and he willingly entered into a conversation upon his grievance.

"He's welcome to her," he said in conclusion. "Lord knows he's got all the bad temper and clear cussedness any man needs to have for his own benefit. But what I dispise is that I taught her the rig myself. I was the boss rigger in this country till I had these here fingers shot off out in Deadwood, and if it hadn't been for me she wouldn't know one ball from another. Never you do a good act to any body, specially a woman, young feller. Gimme another beer and a tooth-pick."

## Attempt to Steal Garfield's Remains.

Scarcely had the honored remains of the late President been laid in the tomb in Cleveland on September 26, when a dastardly attempt to steal the body was made by ghouls. Mr. Wilbur, the superintendent of the cemetery gave a correspondent the following version of the attempted crime: "It was just after midnight and I was alone in the cemetery under some trees over there,"

pointing to a spot about 100 feet to the left of the vault, and beside the driveway. "When two buggies drove up and stopped in front of the entrance of the tomb. Each buggy contained two men, and, just as they stopped, one of the men got out and, going up to the grating that forms the doors, shook it violently. I went quietly around back of the vault and, coming up quickly around the corner, laid my hand on his shoulder and said: 'Well, captain, what's up?' He said: 'I want to know where the guard is?' I told him the guard was all right and he needn't worry about that. 'But,' said he, 'I am determined to know where the guard is. Where is it?' I tried to soothe him, saying again, 'The guard is all right.' 'I will know where the guard is,' he said again. Then I asked: 'By whose authority do you want to know?' He answered: 'On the authority of Col. Wetmore of the United States army.' Now, the man was not like a military officer. He wore a straw hat and a short coat of light colored cloth. His face was sunburned and he looked pretty hard, so I said to him: 'Col. Wetmore has no authority here. You mustn't make any disturbance.' The fellow began abusing me. I did not like it very much, but I saw I was only one against four, and so I tried to quiet him but he evidently thought I was afraid and blackguarded me all the more. His companions in the buggies joined him in abusive language, and soon got out and gathered around me. I realized that I was in close quarters and had got to be careful, so I talked to gain time, hoping somebody would come to my relief. Finally, finding it was no use to let the thing go on, I told them they must quiet down and go back to the city, or they would not get back at all, as I would have them arrested. They kept on abusing me. Then one of the men who works here came along with a lantern, and I called him over to me. This did not improve matters, but a third workman, whom I knew, came up, and I sent him to the superintendent's house for aid. This evidently frightened the strangers, for two of them jumped into their buggy and drove off rapidly. After some more hard talk the others followed. I sent another messenger to town to tell the trustees of the affair, but my first message had resulted successfully, and a little after 8 o'clock two men came out and took their places about the vault as guards. About three hours later two policemen and a squad of soldiers arrived and said they were sent by the mayor. The soldiers didn't come inside the gate, and the policemen after finding that all was right, went out and, with the soldiers, returned to the city."

A company of U. S. artillery has since been stationed at the vault, and any attempt to steal the body would prove fruitless.

## An Indian Snake Dance.

Lieut. Bourke, while at Moqui Agency, witnessed what, it is believed, no other white man ever saw—a veritable Moqui snake dance—and thus describes it:

"The Moquis had a procession divided into two parts, one of the choristers and gourd-rattlers, and the other of forty-eight men and children, of whom twenty-four acted as attendants, fanning the snakes with eagle feathers. The horrible reptiles were carried both in the hands and in the mouth. It was a loathsome sight to see a long file of naked men carrying these monsters between their teeth and tramping around a long circle to the accompaniment of a funeral dirge of rattles and monotonous chanting. After a snake had been thus carried around the circle, it was deposited in a sacred lodge of cottonwood saplings covered with a buffalo robe, and its place taken by another."

"No time is lost before the second part of the ceremony commences. The choristers remain in their places with the high priest, while the dancers, two by two and arm in arm, tramp with measured tread in a long circle embracing the sacred points already mentioned. Your blood chills as you see held by the men on the left snakes of all kinds, all wriggling and writhing, while the right-hand men keep the reptiles distracted by fanning their heads with eagle feathers. There is no discount on this part of the business. The snakes are carried in the hand and in the mouth, and, as I have already said, some of the rattlesnakes were so large (over five feet) that the dancer could not grasp the whole diameter in his mouth. As the procession filed past the squaws the latter threw corn meal before them on the ground. These snakes, when thrown to the earth, showed themselves to be in most cases extremely vicious, and struck at anyone coming near. In such an event a little corn meal was thrown upon them, and the assistants, running up, fanned them with the eagle feathers until they coiled up, and then they quickly seized them back of the head. After all the snakes had been put under the buffalo robe covering the sacred lodge, there was another prayer, and the scene ended."

"The third scene commenced almost immediately, and was as follows: The snakes were seized by ones, twos, and half dozens and thrown into the circle, where they were covered over with corn meal. A signal was given, and a number of fleet young men grabbed the snakes in handfuls, ran at full speed down the almost vertical paths in the face of the mesa, and upon reaching its foot let them go free to the north, the south, the east, and the west. The young men then came back at a full run, dashed through the crowd and on to

one of the estafas, where we were told they had to swallow a potion to induce copious vomiting and to undergo other treatment to neutralize any bites they might have received."

## Murdered at the Altar.

Two years ago Frank Wilson was a dashing young fellow in the quiet town of Orleans, N. Y. He was a general favorite with the girls, and was considered quite a catch. He succeeded in winning the affections of Adele Creighton, the daughter of a farmer near the town, and succeeded in seducing her under promise of marriage. His object accomplished, Wilson spurned the girl he had ruined and contemptuously refused to repair the injury he had done. Shortly afterwards Wilson left Orleans and came to New York city where he got employment with Steele, Gardner & Co. He was introduced to Helen Gardner, a daughter of one of the firm, and after a courtship of six months, the day was set for the wedding.

After Wilson's cruel desertion Miss Creighton's disgrace was discovered and she was turned out of doors with only a few dollars, by her father. Her child was born shortly afterwards, and on being discharged from the hospital, she took her child and started on a hunt for her faithless lover. She begged her way to New York city and after many weary days she succeeded in finding him. When she applied to him for help, he claimed not to know her, and when she persisted he handed her over to the police. After a short imprisonment she secured her liberty on the day previous to that set for the wedding. By pawning her last piece of clothing she got enough money to procure a pistol. Concealing it beneath her dress, and with her babe in her arms she stationed herself by the church door. All through the weary night she waited, and when the bridal party came in the morning she was still there. Wilson did not recognize the girl he had crushed in the ragged woman crouching by the railing. The bridal party entered, the organ pealed forth, and the minister in his solemn robes of office began the marriage services.

"If any one knows aught why this man and this woman should not be joined together, let them speak now, or forever after hold his peace," came from the minister's lips.

During the pause which followed, a woman in rags, with a starving babe clutched desperately to her breast, sprang up from near the chancel rail. In an instant, a pistol shot rang loud and clear through the grand old church, and Frank Wilson fell a corpse on the marble floor. Adele Creighton was avenged. That night her spirit passed to its Maker, and the babe soon followed. Adele Creighton and her baby now sleep in the cemetery churchyard, and Helen Gardner is an inmate of a private insane asylum.

## A Virtuous Canine.

Quite a good story, in which the sagacity of a dog came into play, was accidentally brought to light in Omaha, Neb., last week. It seems a certain well-known gentleman owns a St. Bernard dog, which he highly prizes. He has spent considerable time in training the dog, which learned rapidly and showed a wonderful degree of sagacity. One night recently, about 11 o'clock, the dog showed unmistakable signs of uneasiness. He kept scratching at the various doors until the gentleman, who sleeps on the lower floor, finally arose to see what was the matter. The dog at once ran to the gentleman as soon as he saw him. The gentleman told him playfully to point out the particular door which he desired opened and it would be done. The dog ran at once to one leading upstairs. The gentleman opened the door and the dog bounded past him. The gentleman followed, and the dog went at once to the second-story, and walked directly to the end of the hall-way, in which the servant usually slept. Arriving at the door he turned around and wagged his tail vigorously. The gentleman opened the door without ceremony, and as he did so he saw a man glide through the window on to the porch. The dog saw him too and grabbed one of his heels as he was skipping through. The gentleman caught the other heel and pulled the man into the room. He was at once recognized as a rather well-known man about town. It seemed he had been paying a visit to the servant and as soon as he could get his clothing together he was allowed to go and the matter was hushed.

## Objecting to Burial.

On Saturday, Sept. 10, the seven months old infant son of a woman named Eliza Scott died at 1223 Cannon street, Philadelphia, Pa., of convulsions. There was no physician in attendance, and the case consequently came within the Coroner's jurisdiction. The death, however, was not reported to that official until the neighbors, becoming annoyed by the odor of the decomposing remains of the infant, entered the house and discovered that the child had not been placed in ice. When a Coroner's subordinate went to Mrs. Scott's domicile he was rudely hustled from the place by the mother. The Deputy Coroner then visited the place, accompanied by a policeman. The mother told him that she had a right to keep the corpse as long as she pleased, and that she intended to get a glass case for it; that the spirits had told her to keep the body. An inquest was held and a verdict of death from convulsions was found. An undertaker placed

the corpse in an ice-box last week, but the mother kicked the coffin out of the room and threw the infant upon the bed, declaring that it should not be buried. She then drove the undertaker from the house. The Coroner's wagon-driver subsequently went down to the house, attended by two policemen, and removed the corpse to the Morgue.

## Wedded to Death.

The maxim that teaches that there must be no disputing about tastes has its limits, which appear to have been reached in Portsmouth, Eng., last month. Miss Mainwaring, the daughter of an army officer, was about to be married, but unexpectedly she died. It was resolved, however, that before interment she should be married, "as far as possible," and accordingly the Rev. T. D. Platt and other clergymen among them read the marriage service and then the funeral service. It is not stated what the bridegroom did. The other friends wore their wedding clothes. The Portsmouth Gazette mentions sympathetically that the dead bride's "trousseau and that of her bridesmaids had been provided," as if it were a pity that so much millinery should go for nothing, but it may be doubted if the Rev. T. D. Platt's bishop will regard this circumstance as justifying so novel an interpretation of the rubrics.

## "Mashing" Militiamen.

Some of the scenes on Euclid avenue, Cleveland, O., as the funeral procession of President Garfield moved along was disgraceful in the extreme. The lines of soldiers along the avenue were composed of Ohio soldiers and any number of them were smoking with their cigars pointed heavenward at an angle, others were flirting with young ladies who happened to be in their vicinity, while still a larger number of others were loitering at their posts with their guns in a hundred different positions. All this, instead of standing erect and dignified as they should have done. It does not speak well for the discipline of the troops, nor is it to the credit of the officers that such conduct was tolerated.

## Shooting at His Shadow.

Leon Long, clerk of the criminal court in Pittsburg, was awakened the other night by his wife nudging him in the ribs. His intellect was quickened by her whispering immediately after that there was a man in the house—meaning, of course, other than himself. He immediately jumped up, grasped a navy revolver, and in a wretched state of dishabille he ran down stairs, followed by his wife with a lamp. The door was open and as he ran toward it he saw his shadow passing on the wall. He blazed away at the shadow, but it was not until he emptied his revolver that he discovered his mistake. The neighborhood was aroused by the shots, but with some explanations quieted down again.

## Age versus Beauty.

The people who wished to view the remains of the late President Garfield, while they were lying in state in Washington, were so very numerous that it was only after hours of tedious waiting that their desire could be gratified. One old woman after waiting a couple of hours in line, left her place and walked down the line toward the capitol. When near the capitol steps, she suddenly pounced upon a young woman who was in line, and a lively fight took place. The bystanders cheered the contestants and the odds were about even when the police interfered and arrested both parties.

## He Wanted the Pot.

Phillip O'Neil and Harry Jones sat down to a game of poker one night last week in a Houston, Tex., bar-room. Every thing was pleasant until O'Neil made a sudden grab for the stakes, when Jones, quick as a flash, drew his bowie and pinioned O'Neil's hand to the table. O'Neil drew his "popper" with his left hand and leveling it across the table, fired. Jones dropped back dead, and O'Neil drew the bowie from his hand, hastily grabbed the stakes, and made good his escape.

## Wanted: a Housekeeper.

The intelligence offices of New York city are, in many instances, but little better than houses of assignation, they being the resort of rouses and libertines in search of some one to pander to their lust. In many cases young girls are ruined through this medium and that other medium, the female want column of a New York daily. It is a vile traffic and should be suppressed.

## B. WHITNEY HICKS.

(With Portrait.)

B. Whitney Hicks was hanged at Spartansburg, Friday, Sept. 30, for the murder of his wife last May. He first discharged a load of bird shot into her stomach and then cut her throat. Afterward he attempted to kill himself. There was a large crowd at the execution, who saw little or nothing, as none but the witnesses allowed by law were present. Hicks made a full confession. There was no excitement.

THE murder of President Garfield, grotesquely illustrated in the new book, "Guiteau's Crime." Price 25 cents, by mail 30 cents. Now ready, Richard K. Fox, publisher, 183 William street, New York City.



## SIR ROGER TICHBORNE.

"Doc" Benson, alias Jules Berrant, Who Claims to be the Famous Valet of the Lost Englishman Supports the Claims of the Latest Claimant—Is There a Conspiracy to Secure the Vast Possessions? Miss Jenny Ferris Repudiates the Pretensions of Her Father—The Latest Phase of This Famous Case.

[With Portrait.]

Charles Ogden Ferris, who claims to be the long-lost Sir Roger Tichborne, is stated in a recent despatch to have left California and to have started on his way to Europe with a view to there prosecuting his claim. The identity and pretensions of the alleged baronet were fully set forth in the *POLICE GAZETTE* in its issue of August 13, and the thoroughness of the exposure had the effect of setting the public mind at rest with regard to the merits of the present claimant.

A new phase has, however, just been given to the case by the appearance on the scene of Jules Berrant, who claims to have been the servant to Roger Tichborne during the latter's travels in South America. The first intimation of Berrant's existence was obtained from a letter which he sent to Mrs. Earl, the present claimant's sister-in-law, some days after certain damaging disclosures made by her with regard to the claimant had appeared in the *NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE*. The following is a copy of the letter:

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 28, 1881.

"Mrs. EARL:—I see that you have been giving out that the man in California who claims to be Sir Roger Tichborne is not Sir Roger but that he is an impostor, and you and his daughter were wrong to say this, as I can prove that he is the real Sir Roger, as you will see from what I now have to say. I am the Jules Berrant who was valet to Sir Roger. He engaged me at Valparaiso, in 1853. I traveled with him to Callao and Lima, and from there I went with him to Ecuador. Sir Roger never embarked in the Bella, but went across South America. On the pampas Sir Roger was taken sick with the fever and had to be taken to the adobe of Juanna Sanchez, near Bamadu. I stayed with him more than a week, and I thought he must die, and was sick myself with fever, so I went to Concepcion where I was ill for a long time. I did not take Sir Roger's baggage or jewelry, but only a little money to pay my expenses, and if they were stolen it was not by me but by some one else. I did all I could for Sir Roger. I always thought Sir Roger was dead until I met him in 1861. He was then lieutenant in the Third Wisconsin cavalry. He passed then under the name of Charles Ferris. He seemed bad against me, for he would not recognize me, although I tried to speak with him. Sir Roger left the regiment some time after. I knew the claimant in England could not be Sir Roger, but I said nothing, and have said nothing of this before, because I had plenty good reasons to keep quiet; but you are wrong to say this is not Sir Roger. I can prove he is. I am going to Canada, for a few days and shall then go to New York and see you and demonstrate to you you were wrong to say what you did.

"Your very humble servant,  
"JULES BERRANT."

"Sir Roger can be identified by the marks which he has upon the body. I know these marks well and can swear to them. I shall call on you as soon as I get back from Canada. Keep quiet about this until I see you. It is your interest and that of his daughter that Sir Roger get that which to him belongs."

On receiving the above letter, Mrs. Earl unhesitatingly stated it as her opinion that the communication had been sent to her at the instigation of the claimant with a view to preventing her from making further disclosures. She also expressed much doubt as to Berrant ever turning up again. On this latter point, however, she was mistaken, for a few days ago she received the following letter:

"Mrs. EARL:

"Madame:—I find that you did not keep silent as I asked of you, but that you have revealed to the journals that which I had written to you; this did not make any matter but it demonstrates that you will not act in good faith with me. I am now in New York but I wish to have nothing more to do with you. I know well that it is no use for me to say anything to you for you appear to desire to do all the bad possible to Sir Roger. It would then be no use my talking with you, but I would recommend you and your family, at least to say nothing more but to rest quiet if you cannot be advised to believe that which is right.

"Your humble servant,

"JULES BERRANT."

"Pious Hotel, Canal street, N. Y."

On reading the above communication, a reporter of the *NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE* hastened to the hotel where Berrant was stopping. Berrant, when interviewed, displayed much suspicion and seemed disinclined to talk. By dint of persistent questioning, however, the following statement was drawn from him:

"I was engaged by Sir Roger Tichborne, then Mr. Tichborne, as valet at Valparaiso in 1853. After traveling to various parts of South America, we started to cross South America

on horseback. Sir Roger was taken sick with fever on the pampas and I left him for dead in a small hut in a wild part of the country in charge of an old native woman named Juanna Sanchez. I did not see Sir Roger again until 1861, when he was serving as a lieutenant in the Third Wisconsin Cavalry; he then bore the assumed name of Charles Ferris. I next heard of him as coming forward as Sir Roger in San Francisco. He is undoubtedly the rightful Sir Roger, and I am prepared to give testimony to that effect."

"Why did you not come forward and give your evidence at the trial of the former claimant?" asked the reporter.

"I had good reasons for keeping quiet, but Dr. Kenedy and Mr. Whaley knew of me and what I could testify to."

"And did they purposely suppress your evidence?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because it would have killed their case."

"But the record of the Tichborne trial shows that Jules Berrant did testify in the case. How do you account for this?"

"The man who testified under the name of Jules Berrant was an impostor, that is the reason he disappeared so suddenly. He was afraid of being detected and punished for perjury. I am the true Jules Berrant and I never have testified in the Tichborne case at all."

Berrant further strongly denied acting in collusion with the present claimant. He refused to tell in what city he lived or to give any particulars as to himself. Subsequent inquiries, however, elicited the fact that Berrant is well-known in Buffalo, Syracuse, Rochester and other towns in Western New York and Canada. His occupation is that of buying and selling horses and he has acquired some local fame as a horse-doctor. He travels under the assumed name of Dr. Benson. His character is none of the best and he has figured as the defendant on several occasions in Canadian police courts, narrowly escaping getting within the meshes of the law. One case in which he figured is deserving of passing mention.

In February last a woman of ill-fame was arraigned before Police Justice King, of Buffalo, charged on complaint of Berrant or Benson with having robbed him of \$40 in money while he was tarrying in her house on Canal street. Berrant, however, on that occasion passed under an assumed name and stated that he was a "boss-carpenter" of Hornelsville, N. Y. The evidence against the woman being insufficient to enable the justice to hold her, she was discharged, but it having been adduced in the course of the testimony that Berrant or "Doc" Benson, as he is more commonly known, was a married man, the magistrate administered to him a scathing rebuke on his frequenting such houses as that in which he claimed to have been robbed.

Miss Jennie Ferris, of Brooklyn, is a daughter of the claimant. She utterly repudiates his pretensions and emphatically states that he is not Sir Roger, but an impostor.

## SHE HAS THE BABY.

But No Wedding Ring—Why a Philadelphia Depot Master is in Trouble.

A suit for damages for breach of promise of marriage, involving other charges of a very serious nature, was begun last week by Thos. J. Diehl, representing Miss Lydia N. Coloman, a young woman of prepossessing appearance, against Norman S. Fernon, depot master for the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, at Ninth and Green streets, Philadelphia. This suit was preceded by another on a criminal charge, preferred by the same young woman, against Fernon. The accused, who is an intelligent and refined-looking youth, of about twenty-three years, was arraigned before Magistrate Lennon. The charge against him was betrayal under promise of marriage, coupled with grave allegations of unlawful endeavors to avoid the result of the crime. A number of letters breathing the most tender sentiments were offered in evidence. Fernon, who had become nervous and excited, asked to be allowed to read one of them. When it was put into his hands he was about to tear it up, when he was seized by the shoulder by Mr. Diehl, who forcibly took the paper from him.

Fernon, she alleges, paid her a number of visits and finally won her consent to marriage. As time passed on, however, he kept putting off the wedding day and at last said, bluntly, that he would not marry until he was twenty-five years old. When the child was born, in August of this year, Fernon, she declares, deserted her and left her without adequate means of support. She was weak and sick from the effects of treatment which she had undergone prior to that event. The defendant and a physician had dosed her with drugs, from the effects of which she had not recovered. Fernon entered security in the sum of \$1,500 to answer the allegations.

The historical value of the new book "Guiteau's Crime" cannot be estimated. It is now in press and will soon be published by Mr. Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the *POLICE GAZETTE*. Price 25 cents, by mail, 30 cents. Now ready.

## HE COVETED HIS NEIGHBOR'S WIFE

And Was Soundly Thrashed by the Lady For His Impudence—A Warning to Bachelors.

A horse-whip in the hands of an outraged woman is a very formidable weapon. So it proved last week when Mrs. Greenway applied one to the face and back of Mr. Phillips in Louisville, Ky. She did the work thoroughly, and Mr. Phillips will long carry with him the remembrance of the scene.

The history of the incidents which led to this encounter may be briefly told. Mr. Phillips keeps the Philadelphia dry goods store, on the south side of Market street, between Seventh and Eighth. The up-stairs, with the exception of one room, is occupied as a residence by the Greenways. That room is used as a sleeping apartment by Mr. Phillips.

Mrs. Greenway is a remarkably fine-looking woman, a brunette, with large, clear, black, piercing eyes, a fine complexion and a face of great beauty. In passing and repassing from the house she has often encountered Phillips, but has never exchanged more words with him than was necessary to pass the compliments of the day. A Mr. McCormick looms up into huge proportions in this recital. He keeps a sewing-machine store just below Phillips', and the two are old "chums." One afternoon McCormick was in Phillips' sleeping-room. He was sitting upon the side of the bed, and there seemed to be no particular reason for him to be there. When Mrs. Greenway passed through the hall, he advanced to the door, took off his hat and bowed very politely, and handed her a note. Thinking it a letter that had been left by the postman, she took it, thanked him, and passed on to the parlor. She tore open the envelope and read the following:

"Compliments of Mr. McCormick and Mr. Phillips, with the request of the pleasure of Mrs. Greenway's company to the Riverside Park this afternoon. Please answer."

"Mr. McCormick  
"Mr. Phillips."

She was thunderstruck at such impudence. She was moved with indignation, and with her bright eyes flashing with passion, she went into the hall and threw the note to McCormick, saying: "I am a married woman, and when I want to go to the Park I will go with my husband."

McCormick, very much excited, scrambled around, gathered up the note and went down the steps entirely too fast to be graceful.

This occurred in the afternoon, and when Mr. Greenway, who is employed at Fischer, Leaf & Co.'s, returned home to supper, he was informed of what had taken place. He said to his wife:

"There is a horse-whip in the back-room, and I will hold these men while you whip them."

"That is just what I have been revolving in my mind," said Mrs. Greenway. "I think I can lay it on with sufficient force to teach them a lesson."

With this understanding a search for the men was commenced, but up to midnight no trace of the machine agent or the dry goods man could be found. Just about that hour Phillips crept cat-like up the stairs and went to his room, and Mr. Greenway and his wife were in the front room, which they use as a parlor; there is a door leading from this apartment into Phillips' room. This door is never used, but was found very convenient for this occasion. After Phillips had lighted his candle, Greenway suddenly threw open the door and stood before him.

Phillips rushed from the room wild with fear, crying: "Don't kill me! I never insulted your wife."

Greenway seized him with a grip of steel, and held him until his wife came from the front room with a whip in hand. It was dark in the hall, and Mrs. Greenway went into Phillips' room and brought out the candle. She set it down on the floor, at one side, and commenced operations.

The whip, a long buggy whip, was swung backward and forward through the air, and then fell with force upon Phillips' face. Mrs. Greenway used both hands, and being rather strong, struck with much force. Twenty or thirty licks were struck.

Phillips struggled hard in the grasp of Mr. Greenway, and screamed "Murder!" "Fire!" "Help!" at the top of his voice. As soon as he was released, he went down the steps into the street crying for help.

## A WARNING TO LANDLADIES.

A Love-Stricken Boarder Kills the Mistress of the House For Refusing His Hand.

A horrible murder was committed last Tuesday afternoon at No. 202 North Second street, Williamsburgh, the victim being Mrs. Susan Bromley, who has for sometime past kept a boarding house and a small grocery at the above number. Among the boarders was a man named Thomas Saunders, who fell in love with her and insisted on paying her attention. She could tolerate Saunders as a boarder but not as a lover. In the first place, she was only twenty-five years of age, while he was upward of fifty; and in the second place, he was a poor blacksmith, and she would only add to her cares and labor by taking him. So she informed him that his atten-

tions were not agreeable. She told him that if he did not move his things out he would find them set on the sidewalk. He was very indignant at this, and, after spending part of the morning in a neighboring saloon, came back to the house.

About one o'clock in the afternoon he was talking to Mrs. Bromley in the little store, when he suddenly took a large knife from his pocket and drew it violently across her stomach. She uttered a terrible scream and sunk to the floor, and he immediately drew the knife across his own throat. The scream of Mrs. Bromley brought Mrs. Connor, who occupies the second floor, and she, with the assistance of another neighbor, carried the injured woman up to her room. In the meantime officer Holmes found Saunders bleeding profusely from the wound in his neck, and took him to the station house. Mrs. Bromley died the following day. Saunders is recovering.

## AGED AND PENNILESS.

An Old Man is Accused of Theft by His Ungrateful Son, Egged on by His Mother.

A case recently concluded in the police court of San Jose, Cal., is notable because of the brutality shown toward an aged man, August Lachat, who is over 60 years old, was tried on a charge of petit larceny preferred by his son John, a young man of 25, who works in a foundry.

John testified that his father had stolen from his trunk a breastpin attached to a gold specimen, and when he demanded it back the old man refused, saying it belonged to him. As he persisted in keeping it the witness had him arrested. Witness declared he had had the pin for fifteen years; that it was the gift of an old friend, and was worth \$7.50. On cross-examination he testified that his father had not done five cents worth of work for over four years, though he seemed able to work. His mother had received a legacy of \$10,000 a short time ago, which the father was anxious to get hold of. He admitted that the old man had no means, but he had plenty to eat and ought to be satisfied.

Mrs. Lachat then testified that the breastpin belonged to her son. When cross-examined she said she had lived with her husband for eighteen years; he spent no money for liquor, for he had none to spend for four years. She had to hide money from him. She had received about \$9,000 three years ago from a man whom she had once befriended, since then she had not liked her husband so well. He had treated her badly. When asked if the plain fact was not that she wanted to get rid of him she replied, "Well, I suppose I should be glad if he left."

August Lachat, the old man, then took the stand and testified through an interpreter. He told a pitiful story of domestic tyranny. He said there was no difficulty when they were all poor and worked hard, but ever since his wife had inherited money he had been in misery. For several years he had been unable to work because of a sunstroke received. He couldn't even get a pipe full of tobacco without begging for it. His son treated him shamefully, and seemed to be in league with his wife to turn him out of the house. He testified that the gold specimen was given to him personally, and that he had allowed his son to wear it. The jury, after a short deliberation, brought in a verdict of not guilty.

## THE ROMANCE OF A LETTER.

Five years ago a maiden fair, whose home was at a little town near Macon, Georgia, anxiously awaited an important letter from her absent lover. Days passed wearily. The sighing lass haunted the post office, but the postmaster's face always wore that look of exasperating quietude common to those from whom expected things never come. The maiden thought that her heart would break, for she realized at last that her lover was faithless. The scene shifts. It is September, 1881. In Macon dwells the same lady, but she is now a happy wife with two children. She has forgotten the faithless one of her days of woe. She therefore is surprised when from the town of her youth comes a letter bearing as a superscription to her maiden name that derived from her husband. An accompanying note from the postmaster explains that in tearing away some of the boards of a letter-case the missive was found. The envelope is postmarked "1876." The lady spansks the baby to keep it quiet while she eagerly devours the contents. Heavens! It is from John, who proposes in glowing words and begs for a kind reply. The lady's husband also enjoys the letter, and out of curiosity communicates with relatives of the former lover. It is learned that he is a happy Chicago pork-packer, with a wife and three sons.

## KILLED IN PERFORMANCE OF DUTY.

On Sept. 29th, P. S. Cowen, of St. Clairsville, Ohio, made a balloon ascension for the White Bros. at Washington, Ohio. While descending the balloon lodged in a tree and Mr. Cowen was thrown violently to the ground receiving injuries from which he died in an hour and a half. Mr. Cowen was formerly correspondent of the *POLICE GAZETTE* for Guernsey County, Ohio, and was possessed of much ability. He was a son of the Hon. D. D. Cowen of St. Clairsville, and his loss is greatly felt in his native place, where he was a general favorite.





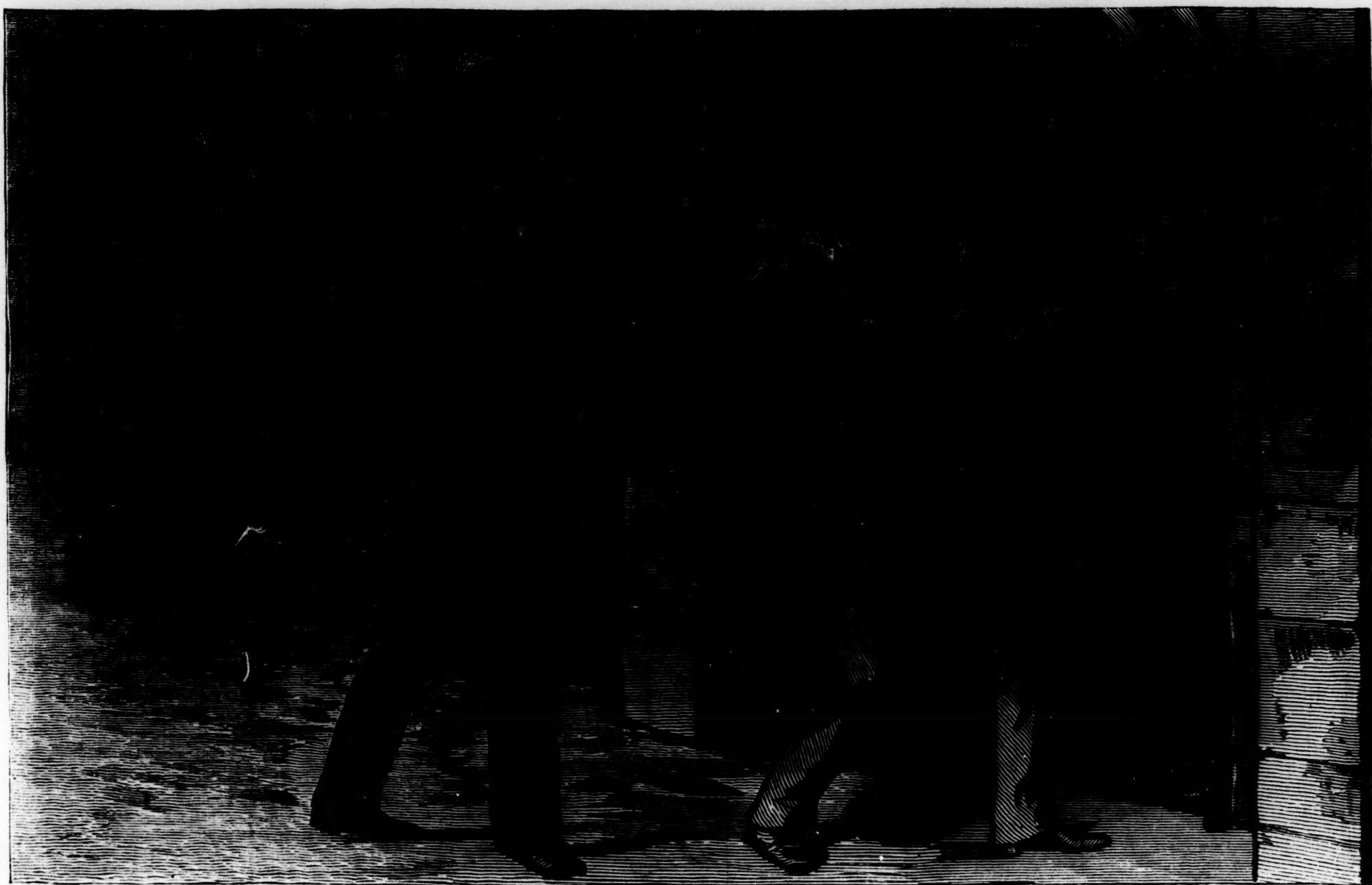
DISGRACING THE NATION.

THE SHAMEFUL CONDUCT OF THE OHIO MILITIA DURING THE FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD; CLEVELAND, O.



AGE VERSUS BEAUTY.

HOW AN OLD WOMAN SOUGHT TO SAVE TIME IN SEEING THE LATE PRESIDENT'S REMAINS AND AFFORDED FUN FOR THE BYSTANDERS; WASHINGTON, D. C.



INSTIGATED BY FIENDS.

FOUR DASTARD GHOULS ATTEMPT TO ROB THE TOMB OF ITS TREASURE, AND STEAL THE BODY OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD FROM THE RECEIVING VAULT. CLEVELAND, OHIO.





DEFYING THE SERPENT'S FANGS.

THE DIABOLICAL SNAKE DANCE OF THE MOQUI INDIANS AS EXECUTED BY THEM AT THE MOQUI AGENCY, ARIZONA TERRITORY, AND WITNESSED BY LIEUT. JOHN G. BOURKE, U. S. A.



AVENGED AT THE ALTAR.

HOW A ONCE BEAUTIFUL GIRL RIGHTED A CRUEL WRONG AND SAVED ANOTHER FROM BECOMING THE WIFE OF A HEARTLESS WRETCH; N. Y. CITY.



# THE MAN-TRAPS OF NEW YORK.

WHAT THEY ARE AND WHO WORK THEM

BY A CELEBRATED DETECTIVE.

## CHAPTER V.—Continued.

He must put his clothes on the chair, for there is no other spot except the floor to lay them. The chair is put quite a distance from the bed, so that the robbery can be safely committed.

At a given signal the panel slides, and the confederate creeps in on his hands and knees, and searches the pants. Often, all the money is not taken; for this reason none of the parties are brought before the courts; the fact will appear that the man had some money left—a thing not credible if robbed in a panel-house, and he will find it difficult to convince the judge that he did not spend the missing money when he was drunk. Another reason for leaving some money is, that the bulk in the pocket-book must not be so reduced as to excite suspicion. When quite a bulk is removed, carefully prepared packages, about the size, are put in the place of the money.

When the robbery has been completed, and the thief has crept out of the room and closed the panel, a loud knocking is heard at the door. The woman starts up in fright, and announces the arrival of her husband. The man hastily dresses, and makes his escape from the front basement door. In his flight he finds, by feeling, that his pocket-book is all right. He reaches his hotel, and usually not till morning does he know that he has been robbed. His first step is to seek the residence of the panel-thief and demand his money. But how can he find it? The woman, to escape detection, led the man through by-lanes and dark alleys. And should he find the house, he could not identify it. If he could, he would not find the woman or her confederate. If the house was a large one, all the furniture in the room will be changed. It will probably be the abode of a physician, who, indignant at the attempt to convict him of panel-thieving, and to ruin his practice, will threaten to shut the libeller up in the Tombs. As a last resort, the victim will go to the police; but as the woman is at Brooklyn, Harlem, Jersey City, or some new abode far from the robbery, nothing can be done, and the man must bear the loss. And so the panel game goes on from year to year.

There are only two certain ways to avoid victimizing by the panel-game. One is to carry no more money or jewelry about you than you need when you go on the booze; the other, and better still, is to keep sober, and don't go on a spree at all.

## CHAPTER VI.

### HOTEL SNEAK THIEVES.

The most detestable class of metropolitan criminals is that known as the sneak thieves. Their victims are to be counted by the hundred. Their perverted ingenuity and industry bring them a rich harvest of ill-gotten gains.

The sneak thief finds his largest and most profitable sphere of operation among what might be designated the middling classes. Those particularly who live in flats seem to be specially singled out as his natural prey. His operations are so mysteriously and scientifically conducted that in the majority of cases he leaves no other trace of his presence than a depleted bureau or an empty wardrobe. He is possessed of the pliant adaptability of an elephant's trunk, and will carry away anything ranging from a needle to an anchor. His ingenuity is only surpassed by his meanness. He will rob a poor widow or a sewing girl of her last dollar with as much zest comparatively as he will purloin the silver table service or jewelry of a rich banker.

It is a mistake to suppose that the sneak thieves are devoid of ingenuity or that theirs is a preparatory school of training before they can receive their diplomas as full-fledged burglars. The fact is that a successful sneak thief, your gentleman who "works" hotels and fashionable boarding-houses, must combine superior qualifications to make him an adept at the business.

The lower grade, it is true, is recruited from the slums, and they seldom aspire to higher game than to make off with the table service or the contents of the hat-rack. There are other subdivisions known as the "daylights" and night and morning thief. But the occult ways of the room thief are so ingenious as to be almost past finding out. Like a bloodhound, he scents his prey afar off, and follows him up with a persistency that knows no flinching until he has accomplished his purpose.

This class of sharper makes it a specialty to scan the newspapers carefully and keep himself informed on the location of the latest arrivals, the hotels or boarding-houses they put up at, and other data of interest. In this way also the comings and goings of professional people, particularly female theatrical stars, salesmen, bankers, bridal parties and all persons likely to carry valuable jewelry and trinkets or a large amount of money are noted.

Having first located the whereabouts, of the intended victim, the thief, who is generally a polite, spruce young man, secures a room at the same hotel or boarding-house, and if possible on the same floor with his unsuspecting prey.

When the favorable opportunity arrives a wary, alert figure stealthily makes its appearance in the corridor. Fatigued by travel, or other soporific causes, the stranger gives proof of his unconsciousness by deep, stertorous breathing. He awakes in the morning to find himself robbed. Surprise and consternation render him speechless. He flies to the door. It is locked and bolted and bears no marks or other evidence of having been tampered with. He returns to verify his previous conclusion. It is a stern reality. But how did it happen? he asks himself in stupefied astonishment. He could account for the key in a measure; but what about the bolt? There it is, the same as he placed it when going to bed; and the key, too, is in its accustomed place in the ward. Still dazed and perplexed he hurries down to the clerk or proprietor to report his loss and demand an investigation and explanation of the bewildering mystery. The proprietor frowns and the clerk leers; both facial contortions are meant to express suspicion and incredulity. The unfortunate wayfarer, if he be not well known, finds himself disgraced as well as robbed. The cup of his misery is filled to overflowing by being turned away in ignominy as a cheat and a fraud, who wants to "beat" the hotel out of his board bill or else to bring a suit for damages on a trumped-up charge. How these operations were conducted remained a mystery for over thirty years.

They are no longer a mystery though; this is the plan they are worked on:

Having located his man the thief, in the dead of night, slips from his room in his stocking feet, and, having ascertained that "the coast is clear," takes from his pocket a small nipper, a bent piece of wire and a silk thread. These are the only tools he employs.

Inserting the point of the nippers in the keyhole he catches the "tit" of the key, twisting it into a position that it can be easily displaced. If the noise of the falling key on the carpet or floor should disturb the sleeper time is given to let him fall asleep again. A skeleton key unlocks the door. By pressing the door with his knee the location of the bolt is soon found out. A piece of thread is attached to the bent point of the wire, making a sort of bow; and after crooking the wire to suit it is pushed through the keyhole and carried up or down the bolt. The looped head throws the pin of the bolt into place; the string is moved sideways till it catches in the pin, and then it is shot back out of the nosing. The door then yields to a slight pressure, and the completion of the task is deftly and expeditiously performed.

Having secured his booty the next step is to fasten the door as he found it. The key is placed in the lock; a double silk thread is looped around the pin of the bolt, and carried through the crevice to the outside. The door is then closed. Holding the thread, one of the ends is pulled, and the bolt slips into its fastening, while the thread is withdrawn. The pinners is again inserted, turns the key and locks the door. All of which does not consume five minutes.

Other fastenings are as easily and expeditiously displaced. The chain bolt, for instance, has been considered by many as a particularly clever contrivance to baffle house-breakers. The chain bolt is picked in two ways. Once the lock is successfully tampered with the door can be opened far enough to admit the hand inside. This done the size of the plate is gauged, and an equal space is measured on a corresponding portion outside. An awl hole is then bored through the panelling, close to the end of the plate. Through this aperture a slender bent copper wire is inserted, and carried by the hand inside through the eye of the "dog," the latter being a contrivance that directs the chain along the plate. To the end of this wire is secured a button. The door is gradually closed and the wire pulled through the hole at the same time, until the "dog" has been drawn to the opening of the plate, is thrown out, and the door swings back on its hinges. Sometimes a small screw-eye is bored in the door at the end of the plate. In that case a silk thread, with a button attached, is run through the eye of the "dog;" thence through the screw-eye; the thread is then brought through the crevice of the door, the door is closed, and a pull of the thread, simultaneously with the opening of the door, and the "dog" falls out. All this involves not more than three minutes' labor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A BRIDGEPORT infant committed the fatal error of eating fly-paper for whortleberry pie.

## HUMAN ODDITIES.

An old man lost his balance by kicking at his wife in Louisville, and was killed by the fall.

It is said to be an absolute fact that at a state dinner given by an African king not long ago some boxes of American sugar-coated pills furnished the desert.

AFTER thirty years' absence, Robert Thornton, of Haverhill, Mass., came home and the first thing he did was to kick over a tombstone erected to his memory several years ago.

A YANKEE woman recently married a Chinese laundryman, and in three days thereafter the unhappy Celestial appeared at a barber's shop and ordered his pigtail to be cut off, saying in explanation: "Too much yan.".

A LADY entered a boot and shoe store at Olean recently, followed by ten children, who were each in turn supplied with shoes. As she left the store she remarked that she would bring in the other two the next day.

THE owner was asleep under a seat of the wagon which, with the horses attached, was stolen near Columbus, Ohio. He remained quiet until the thieves drove into a village, when he made an outcry, and they were arrested.

MASON IVINS, who was a few years ago regarded as a young man of rare promise, is now roaming the woods in Monroe county, Tenn., and is called "the wild man." His head was turned when he fell in love with a girl that didn't reciprocate.

A MAN has started a cafe just opposite a Paris cemetery. He dedicates his house to "those coming from funerals," and announces on his sign: "Private rooms for all who desire to weep by themselves. Wines and liquors of the very best."

EXCESSIVE bleeding was the treatment given by Dr. Arthur to Edward Heche, at Buene Vista, Ind., and death ensued. It is charged that the physician was not ignorant or careless, but murderous, as the patient was his enemy, and he has been put under arrest.

A MESSENGER was sent from Muskegon to a Michigan lumber camp to inform a man of the death of his child; but he used the money given him in getting drunk, and did not perform the errand. He never got sober, for lumbermen hanged him before he had time.

CHARLES BOLLES of Minneapolis, undertook to kill a dog with a revolver, but the weapon did not discharge. He became furious because his wife laughed, and aimed at her, but the pistol still hung fire. When he turned the muzzle toward his own head, however, he met with success, and died.

A MAN named Green, a dissolute character, sold his body about three years ago to Dr. Johnson, of Kernville, for \$7.50. A week ago Green died, and upon being notified, Dr. Johnson took the body to his office, stripped the flesh from the bones, and is arranging the framework of his purchase for future use.

ARTHUR STERN's wife disappeared unaccountably in Chicago, and, after several days of unavailing search, the husband said that he had murdered her. He described to the police a spot where her body might be found buried; but they had only just begun to dig when the woman appeared alive and well. Stern says he dearly loves a joke.

JOHN MONROE packed his household effects in a wagon, and started from Illinois to Missouri. His wife accompanied him; and there was scant room for two in the vehicle. When she fell ill on the way, and required space to lie in, John was puzzled what to do. He finally laid her by the roadside and went on. She died there alone.

AN unpleasant sensation has been caused in Bristol, England, by the discovery that a cargo of 300 tons of human bones had been landed there to the order of a local firm of manure manufacturers. The bones were shipped at Rodosto and Constantinople, and are the remains principally of the defenders of Plevna. Hair still adheres to some skulls.

SEVERAL years ago Fred Kastorf fled from Byron, Wis., in consequence of having committed a crime, and after a time all search for him was abandoned. But he could not live happy from home and relatives, and not long ago put some poison into his pocket and returned. The drug was to be used in case the law officers molested him, and he promptly killed himself with it on being arrested.

JANE CAMPBELL, a colored woman, living near Dykes mill, Ark., killed two of her children, respectively ten and twelve years old. The woman beat out their brains with a pine knot for some trivial act of disobedience. After the inquest, when the cause of death became generally known, a mob of whites and blacks dragged Mrs. Campbell from her cabin, tied her to a stake, and, despite her screams, literally roasted her alive.

A GIRL who tried to commit suicide at Sioux City a few days since, is a striking example of the depths to which a woman can descend. Not yet 17 years old, she is enfeebled, suffering from a complication of diseases, and an out-cast of outcasts, for no place of prostitution in the city would take her in. She begged a gentleman, who had been kind enough to pro-

cure a lodging-place until she could leave town, to take her to some quiet place and kill her.

HENRY BONNEWITZ, an old German resident of College Point, L. I., died at his farm, in Black Stump, on Thursday last. In August he expressed a determination to live longer without food than Dr. Tanner did. He said he could fast forty-three days. His friends could not prevail upon him to abandon the undertaking. He fasted twenty-nine days, at the end of which time friends undertook to force food down his throat. His stomach was too weak to retain it and he died.

MR. CARNES missed his wallet in a Cincinnati theatre, and accused a young man sitting near him of stealing it. The stranger was greatly excited at the prospect of arrest, and asked how much was in the book. "Thirty dollars," was the reply. He hastily handed Carnes that sum and left the house. Carnes subsequently found the supposed stolen money where he had mislaid it at home, and now he is advertising for the sensitive fellow who rather than be arrested for a crime of which he was innocent, paid \$30 of his own.

A YORKVILLE girl wanted to make her lover a present on his return from a trip. On asking her parents for the amount she was refused. She was determined not to be balked in her desire and she went to a fashionable Yonge street barber and told him to cut her hair off short. The barber immediately went to work and cropped the young lady, who immediately sold her flowing locks for a good amount. Thus she was made happy in being able to show that her affection was not blighted during his absence.

A GENTLEMAN of Hartford, who wanted to give the rats about his premises a dose of medicine to keep them quiet, bought a box of "Rough on Rats," and prepared it for them, placing it where the rodents mostly did congregate. After he had lost about a dozen chickens he began an investigation into the cause and discovered that the rats had carried the pieces of bread on which the poison was placed into the chicken run and left them for the poultry. Whether the rodents did this out of revenge or not it is not known, but in any case the owner believes it was rougher on his chickens than on the rats.

EDWARD D. ARMSTRONG and his niece made a marriage engagement at New Windsor, Ill., and when the girl became convinced, through the arguments of her parents and others, that such a union would be improper, and sent him word that she would not keep her promise, he declared his intention to commit suicide. "But if any of you who are so strong at arguing can convince me that it is worth while to live," he said, "I will not kill myself." They talked with him a whole afternoon, and supposed when they left him that he had changed his mind; but they had not got out of hearing when he fired the fatal shot.

A CHICAGO police captain arrested a wife murderer, but could not find the remains of the woman, and the case seemed likely to fall through. Knowing that the prisoner would be speedily discharged unless some proof was forthcoming, the captain entered the cell with a paper in his hand and said: "Your wife isn't dead, after all. She was found alive where you left her, and taken to the hospital. This is her sworn statement of what you did to her. She wants to see you." The murderer was completely deceived. On the way to the hospital, as he supposed, he was induced to tell where he had shot his wife, and there the body was found.

MRS. COOPER, cousin of Col. Robert Ingersoll and member of a San Francisco Presbyterian church, announced her disbelief of the story of Jonah and the whale. She was adjudged a heretic by the session of the church, and expelled. She retaliated by accusing the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Roberts, of bad conduct of various kinds, and particularly of preaching a sermon which was in effect an advertisement of his own business as a life insurance agent. There has been an acrimonious controversy and a trial before the Presbytery, in which Mr. Roberts incidentally accused a reverend brother of "bombast, malignity and ingratitude," and Mrs. Cooper remarked that she would rather have her cousin Ingersoll's society in hell than her pastor's in heaven. Mrs. Cooper was pronounced a heretic by a vote of 9 to 8.

DR. CREAM and Mrs. Stott were in love at Belvidere, Ill., and they concocted a peculiar plan for safely murdering the woman's husband. Stott being ill, the doctor was called in to attend him. A prescription containing a safe amount of strychnine was sent to a druggist, and when the medicine came a large quantity of poison was added. It was calculated that Stott's death would at once be traced to the strychnine, and its presence in a fatal portion would be ascribed to a blunder by the druggist. The murderers would probably never have been detected if the woman had not distrusted her partner. When she heard that he had himself announced that death was the result of poisoning, she mistakenly inferred that he meant to fix the crime upon her, and she hastened to make a statement inculcating him. His trial has just ended in conviction, and she will get off with a lighter punishment because she became a witness for the prosecution.



## HE SAW THE WIDOW.

How a Smart Bank Clerk Got Even With His Employer and Had His Salary Increased.

There is a very amusing story of a bank president in St. Louis who used to have his clerks watched by a detective after office hours, so that he could keep himself properly posted as to any fact which might render any one of them liable to appropriate funds belonging to the bank. He had hauled up several of the clerks about their improper and extravagant expenditures, and was, as the story goes, sitting in his private office, waiting the appearance of the new assistant receiving teller, Ferdinand Algernon Vere de Vere, who had been duly shadowed and reported on by Operative P. Q. of Judas & Gehazi's service. The clerk, having entered the president's office, was accosted with the question:

"Young man, what is your salary?"

"Nine hundred, sir, and I can scarcely live on that."

"No? I should guess not. I suppose you know that I am a cautious man, and now I will say that from inquiries made touching your habits, I have been led to form the opinion that you are spending money altogether too fast for the trusted employee of a wealthy bank. Now, do not defend yourself. Let me tell you where you went last evening. You left this office at 4 P.M., and dined at the Southern Hotel restaurant on Blue Points and prairie chickens, and Cook's imperial. You went to see Aimee in opera bouffe at De Bar's, went out several times between the acts, and before the piece was through you walked down to Pate's and lost \$5.25 at keno. You said keno was a foolish game, and you could not see any fun in it, after which you drowned your sorrow in several juleps and took the half-past one owl car for your room on North Eleventh street. Now, I want to know if you think that proper conduct for the servant of a bank like this?"

Now, the other clerks, on arriving at this point, had one and all admitted the truth of the operative's reports, and after begging forgiveness, had promised immediate and substantial reform. But this clerk was made of different stuff, and he said:

"I don't think anything at all about it. That report is a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end, and as I happen to know was made by Jim Muggins, an ex-convict and a son of a thief. If you ever want to know how I spend my evenings I shall be pleased to inform you at any or all times, but now this matter of fidelity to the corporation has come up let me read to you, sir, my special agent's report of how you spent yesterday afternoon. At two o'clock you met the notary of the bank and told him to send around the rebate on his commissions for the year, and he met you at the Jim Crow saloon a little later and gave you \$366.16, for which you thanked him and told him the directors would not change their notary for the present. Then on leaving the bank you met Betram, the contractor for the stone and brickwork of the new bank building, and he handed you a parcel and said, 'Here's your whack up of the divvy,' at which you smiled and invited him to drink, which he declined. At 7 P.M. you told your wife that there was a meeting of bank presidents at the Lindell that night and you wouldn't be home till late. But instead of going to the hotel you went to a house on Walnut street, near Twenty-second, where you passed the evening with the pretty widow you called 'Lena,' first giving her a package of new tens and a watch and chain, with the observation that you had promised your wife a watch long ago and hadn't given it to her yet. You reached home about half past 12 A.M., and had to ring the bell because you dropped your latch key on Lena's carpet. You were surprised during the night by burglars, to whom Lena had given the key to your house, and while they took nothing of value, because your dog scared them off, you were so angry that you complained to the chief of police that the policeman on your beat was of no account, whereas you were yourself to blame. And then—"

"That will do," said the president. "I see you are a smart young man. It is not necessary to discuss these trivial matters. By the way, what did you say your salary was?"

"Nine hundred, sir."

"Well, it will be \$1,500 after this, and I'll make you cashier as soon as old Kreiter goes on his next drunk."

"Thank you, sir."

"Oh, that's nothing to be thankful for. Just go along and attend to your work, and I'll take care of you. And, by the bye, you needn't say anything to the other clerks about my cursed foolishness with that widow."

And the clerk sailed out.

## CLEANING OUT THE HEATHEN.

How a Couple of Laundry Women Rid Themselves of Competition in Business.

One morning last week, two Chinamen, who had been working at the Taber House, in Gunnison, Col., opened up a "California Laundry" in a prominent part of the town and commenced the business of renovating soiled clothes for such of the citizens as in-

dulge in that luxury, and who have heretofore depended upon a handful of pioneer women for work in that line. The adventuresome celestials were hardly installed in their new calling and quarters before they received an unexpected and early call from the two white women who own the established laundries of the settlement, and who proceeded to pound the pair of Chinamen with clubs, dealing blows with such vigor and effect that the bewildered "heathen" retreated at once.

Escaping from the clutches of his particular washerwoman, one of the Chinamen ran outside and fired his pistol several times to attract the attention of the police.

In two minutes a dense crowd assembled with cries of "Hang 'em! hang 'em!" But the deputy sheriff and two policemen stood the crowd off in good shape, and the Chinamen were taken to the jail for safe keeping. The women say that the Chinamen shot at them, but this is doubted, as no reports were heard until the armed celestial found his way to the street.

It was a sorry episode while it lasted. It is safe to assume, however, that the rate of washing in Gunnison will remain as at present for some weeks to come, as the women have undoubtedly "got away" with their Chinamen.

## GALLION'S GHASTLY CRIME.

A Self-Confessed Murderer Describes How He Killed Thomas Dilley and His Wife.

A correspondent has obtained the following confession made by Gallion of the ghastly murder of Thomas Dilley and wife near Geneseo, Iowa, which excited such widespread comment in the north-west:

"Now tell me what you know about the murder of Thomas Dilley and wife."

"Well, I know all about it—I know who murdered them."

"How many were there concerned with the murder, and who were they?"

"There was just one man that did it all."

"Then you did not tell me the truth when you said that Roddick did it, and that you and a man by the name of Welch were his accomplices."

"No! Roddick had nothing to do with it, and no one else except one man—he did it all."

"Are you that man?"

"Well, you know it all now. Nobody else ever knew what I have told you about it."

"Were they murdered out of revenge or for plunder, or what was the motive of the awful crime?"

"There was no revenge. I liked Mr. and Mrs. Dilley, for they treated me kindly. I thought that Dilley had money. I heard he had sold his hogs and had got the money, and I knew he had the watches, and thought I could get them and get something out of them without ever being detected. I never thought of killing either of them, but simply to rob them."

"Please state the facts connecte with the awful tragedy as briefly as possible, as others are waiting to see you."

"The murder was committed between eleven and twelve o'clock; I got there earlier, but hid away until they all got to bed and asleep. I disguised myself by a false beard and a piece of old checked shirt drawn over my face, with eyes cut out and a place to breathe. I took off my boots and put on a pair of rubber overshoes, so as to make no noise when walking over the floor. I entered by the door, which was not fastened. When I entered there was some movement in bed, but the wind blew hard and the doors and windows rattled, and, after hiding myself until all seemed sound asleep, I approached the bed, and with one hand presented my revolver near Dilley's head and began to rifle the pockets of his pants, which were close to his head, with the other, when he opened his eyes and said: 'Who's there?' Just then the revolver went off, and he never moved. I sank by the bedside, when Mrs. Dilley sprang up frantically, and by some means threw off my mask, as she exclaimed: 'You have killed my husband!' I rose to my feet and commanded her to lie down and cover up her head. Just then the moon broke through the clouds and shone square in my face through the window, when she said, 'Oh, my God! is it you, Gallion?' I knew then I was recognized and that it was my life or her's, and when I left her I thought there was no one to tell the story."

"Why did you not take the valuable jewelry and what money there was in the house?"

"I thought I heard a noise outside, and that somebody had heard Mrs. Dilley's screams and had come to rescue her, and I hurried out."

"What about the cap that was under the hay shed?"

"I put it there, and that, with the track of the overshoe, etc., would have hung Roddick, if he had not been just where he was that night."

"Where did you go after you committed the murder?"

"I returned to Le Claire, Iowa, where I expected to sell the watches and get money to take me to St. Louis, but I felt so badly the next day that I did not care whether I was detected or not. It would have been all right if they had hung me then."

## HE WANTED THE GIRLS.

But if Caught will Get Lynch Law—A Dastardly Attempt to Commit Burglary and Rape.

On last Sunday morning a short time before daybreak the town of Florissant, Mo., was thrown into great excitement over the discovery that two black scoundrels had broken into a dwelling with the double purpose of burglary and outrage. A ball was in progress at Leon De Lisle's place at the time, the merry-makers having been delayed in their departure by a prevailing storm. This is why the news and indignation spread so rapidly, for as quick as the alarm was given the fiddlers were hung up and all the men at the ball organized into parties and started in pursuit. The first information came through Judge James. Four terror-stricken, thinly clad women came running to his house, asking for protection. They were well known to him, and are highly esteemed by the judge and the whole community in which they live, hence his and the general faith in their story and the willingness to avenge their wrongs. Wide opened the doors of the judge's hospitable home and Mrs. Rolla Rose and her three daughters, two of them grown, found a place of safety. Since the death of Mr. Rose they have been living in a homestead without any male protector. In fact, the necessity for such a precaution never entered their heads. While it is true that the town is infested with a gang of tramps, white and black, no one anticipated any harm from them, other than the usual petty annoyances generally sustained from such a class of idlers.

Mrs. Rose and her daughters were all in bed, but Mrs. Rose, having been aroused by the storm, was awake. A heavy growth of vines veiled her bed-room window, the sash of which was raised for ventilation. In the gloom that followed the lightning's flash she saw a light at her window. Then she saw the form of a man with a candle in his hand. For a second he stood near the sill, peering through the vines into the room, then he raised his hands to part the tendrils so as to jump in. At this moment Mrs. Rose raised herself in bed and shouted out:

"Leave there! Get away from that window. I tell you!"

"Damn you! lay down there, or I will kill you," was the response.

"Get away from there, or I will spit your head open with the ax!" again commanded the woman of the house.

"I know where the ax is," said the man at the window. "We have come for your girls."

By this time the young ladies were thoroughly aroused by their mother's voice to their impending danger, and while the burly beast was getting into the window the matron and her brood escaped through a rear door. Rain was pouring down, and vivid flashes of lightning lit up the surroundings. A second more and one of the young ladies would have ran right into the arms of her destroyer, but a friendly light from heaven lit her pathway, and with a spring to one side she eluded the clutch of the man who reached for her as she followed her mother under a veil of darkness in which her enemy missed his grasp. Finding themselves foiled of their prey, the two men entered the house to make up in plunder what they otherwise missed, but in their excitement they overlooked a wallet of money lying upon the table, and being fearful that retribution would be meted out to them, they quickly left the premises and hurried off. It was but a few minutes after that several parties were in pursuit, hunting for the trail on the roads and through cornfields, but a beating rain destroyed the fresh footprints, and aided the scoundrels in effecting their escape.

Mrs. Rose had a good look at the man with the ax at her window, and can readily recognize him. A negro who answers the description given by her is being hunted for, and possibly has been arrested by this time. If he is caught and identified while the blood of the valley is up there will be prompt justice. The Florissant people are determined to resent, to the fullest extent, the dastardly designs on women at whom the finger of suspicion was never even raised by the lowest vagabond of the town.

## REGULATED.

A Body of Kentucky Ku-Klux Intent on Hanging the Sheriff, Captured by that Officer.

Last week a party of eighteen men were arrested by officer H. B. Weddington and posse at a school-house near Sandy Hook, in Elliott county, Ky. The men were disguised, having their faces covered with sheep-skins and pieces of dark cloth. It seems that they had met for the purpose of "regulating" some of the citizens of that neighborhood, including Sheriff Weddington. Weddington, after overhearing their talk concerning himself and others, stationed men (only seven in number) near where the would-be hangmen had tied up their horses. In a short time five of the gang came to see about the horses and were promptly seized and disarmed by Weddington and ordered to lie down and keep quiet, which

they were persuaded to do by having cocked revolvers pointed at their heads. In a few minutes five or six more of the gang were disposed of in about the same way. Weddington now leaving part of his men to guard his prisoners, made an attack on those of the gang who were still in the school-house, and succeeded in capturing all of them after a lively tussle, in which knives and pistols were drawn, but nobody hurt. In the crowd arrested were found several prominent citizens. Rev. Meredith White, Squire John W. Clark, Squire William Adams and Constable J. M. Aukins. The whole crowd was escorted to the courthouse and ushered into the presence of His Honor, Judge William Weddington, who promptly bound them over in bonds of \$500 each to answer any indictment that might be found against them for Ku-kluxing, which, according to Kentucky statutes, is felony.

## DECEIVED UNTO DEATH.

Why a Base Ball Player is a Fugitive From Justice and Two Young Girls are in Their Graves.

Lydia S. Apker, 20 years old, of 1514 Passyunk avenue, and Lizzie Fuhr, 18 years old, residing at 1706 South Eighth street, have gone to their graves the victims of malpractice, and Henry T. Luff, a young man well known among the base ball fraternity, is a fugitive under the evidently well-founded suspicion of having betrayed the young women and afterwards caused their deaths by administering nostrums to produce abortion. The coroner's inquest last week settled the features of the Apker case and Dr. Edward T. Guth, who prescribed, and George W. Knight, druggist, were committed to prison as accessories before and after the fact.

The case of the Fuhr girl did not become palpable against Luff until the developments of the coroner's inquest upon Miss Apker. The latter was a handsome girl and had been regarded as Luff's affianced.

In November last she had a suspicious sickness, but as matters now show Luff was enabled then, through the assistance of an unsuspecting physician, to avert any dangerous consequences. Miss Apker was taken ill on August 29, but a physician was not called. Mr. Apker went away from the city, and while he was absent his daughter asked for Luff. The latter apparently summoned Dr. Guth, who came on the assumed errand of treating a sick boy, but readily prescribed for the young woman when he got access to her. Luff had this prescription filled at Knight's drug store, 1601 Passyunk avenue, and as events and Dr. Reese's analysis revealed, its ingredients were of a nature to produce mischievous results. Dr. Guth, so it is asserted by the family, at first told Lydia's mother that her daughter was suffering from a complication of diseases, but eventually told her the truth, and about a week ago Lydia called her father and mother, told them that she had ruined the family and that Dr. Guth had given Luff the prescription which had caused premature birth of her child. She died on Sunday morning last.

Dr. Guth notified District Attorney Graham and the coroner's physician, Dr. Cadwalder made the autopsy and Dr. Reese the analysis. Some of the medicine which Mr. Apker found at his house was found to be a remedy used by malpractitioners. The poisonous medicines used had produced congestion of the brain, and from this death had ensued.

At the inquest the druggist, Knight, testified that he had renewed a prescription for Luff and Dr. Guth admitted that he knew what ailed the girl, but did not tell the family all about it. He had told Luff, however, that the girl had small chances of living. The jury decided that congestion of the brain, the result of an abortion at Luff's hands, to which Guth and Knight were accessories, had caused Lydia Apker's death. The two latter were committed.

Lizzie Fuhr, the other supposed victim of Luff's arts, was a pretty German girl who had been living since the early part of July in the household of Mrs. Bee, dry-goods dealer, at 1706 South Eighth street. Her mother is dead and her father is in Germany. She was taken suddenly ill and died on Friday last from congestion of the brain, the same malady which killed Miss Apker.

The post-mortem examination showed inflammation of the stomach, as if from some violent poison. The supposition was that she had taken the poisonous substance, whatever it may have been, and it was probably the same which entailed fatal results in Miss Apker's case, to save herself from disgrace, but without success, and paid with her life for her rashness.

A significant fact crept out at the inquest, that previous to going to Mr. Bee's house Lizzie had been employed as a servant in Luff's father's house. The jury, in the absence of testimony, brought in a simple verdict of death from congestion of the brain, but, when the Apker case came forward, suspicion immediately manifested itself that Luff was primarily responsible for two deaths instead of one. Luff's father, when told of the suspicion in the Fuhr case, shook his head mournfully, and in a reproachful tone said his son had been a source of great trouble and worry to him. Search is being made for the fugitive ball player.





MARRIED TO DEATH.

HOW AN OBLIGING MINISTER CONSOLED A LOVER, AND ENABLED THE GUESTS TO DISPLAY THEIR WEDDING FINERY ON THE VERGE OF THE GRAVE; PORTSMOUTH, ENG.

#### She Had to Mix the Mortar.

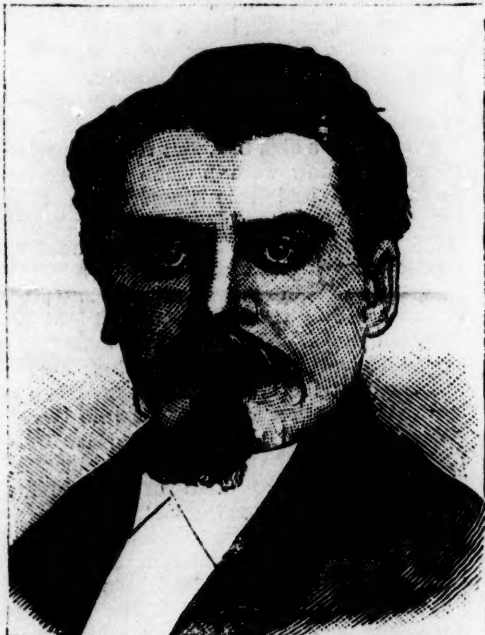
Mr. William Kelly stood at the door of his saloon on Vanderbilt avenue, Clifton, Staten Island, one morning last week, when a carriage driven at a furious rate suddenly pulled up



HE WORE THE BREECHES,

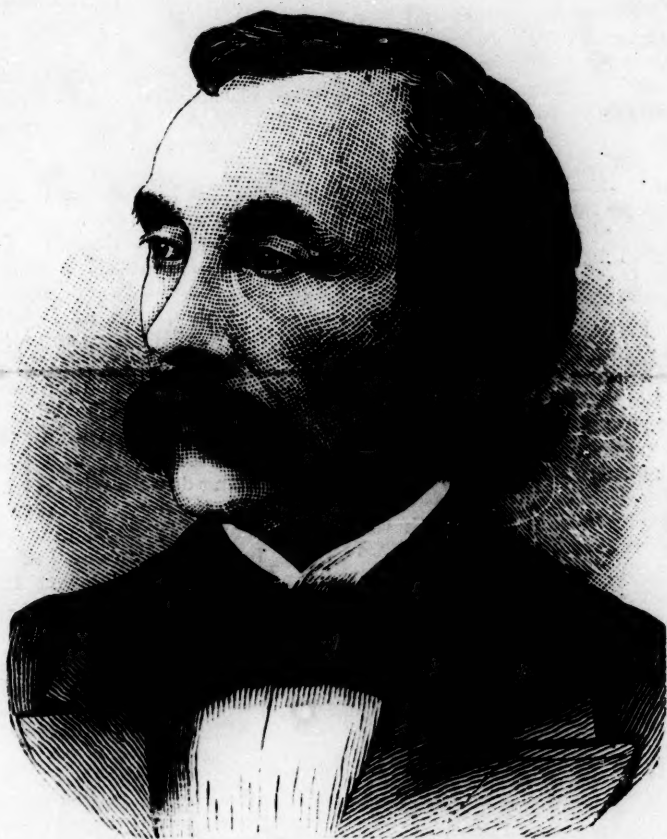
AND MADE HIS WIFE DO THE WORK—HOW A LAZY LABORER CONSTRUED THE MARRIAGE VOW AND GOT THE MORTAR MIXED; CLIFTON, S. I.

wear for an hour or two at a time. 'Marks of violence?' No, there are none visible. He whipped me like a child at his own caprice. He called me ugly," actually yelled the woman, and tearing the veil off her face presented features which would have been classical in their beauty but that she wore red hair,



B. WHITNEY HICKS,

HANGED ON SEPT. 30TH FOR THE MURDER OF HIS WIFE AT SPARTANBURG, S. C.



REV. H. W. THOMAS,

PASTOR OF THE CENTENARY CHURCH IN CHICAGO, CONVICTED OF HERESY BY THE METHODIST CHURCH.



BENJAMIN WASSERMAN,

TICKET SCALPER, ARRESTED ON A CHARGE OF ALTERING RAILROAD TICKETS; CINCINNATI, OHIO.

and a harsh voice called out for Justice Vaughn. A moment after a female figure alighted and hurriedly entered the bar-room. She was attired in a black serge dress, a bonnet of a very old and large pattern, and her face was enveloped in a thick black veil. The officer went in quest of the Justice whom he found in his own office. The lady was sent for, and upon being invited to a seat, throw herself into it and burst into tears. She refused to raise her veil, but when she became somewhat composed she reminded the Justice that he had married her to a young man a few weeks since, and now she desired to revoke the bond. His Honor inquired the cause of the trouble, whereupon the woman in black told a most amusing story, the main points which it contained are as follows:

"I was married by your Honor four weeks ago, as you remember. My husband was in your employment as a hod-carrier. His name was Frank Love. Did he love me? Yes; if unkindness and cruelty can be called love, he did."

"What cruelty did he manifest to you?" inquired the puzzled magistrate, who had not yet seen the face of his mysterious visitor, and who was unable to recognize her voice. "He compelled me to mix his mortar before he went to work," answered the lady, whose voice was now rising in anger. "He spanked me if the mortar was not properly made, and he procured caps on which were the words, 'Dunce,' 'Fool,' 'Disobedient,' and 'Naughty,' either of which on the least provocation, he compelled me to

was blind of one eye, and had buck teeth. Outside of these trifling defects she was an interesting woman, 30 years old, and of a good symmetrical figure.

The woman was consoled on learning that some steps were to be taken for her protection, and on returning to the hotel on the avenue a dance was improvised, in which the devoted wife regained her spirits and helped to entertain her friends until the wee sma' hours of the morning.

#### Dr. H. W. Thomas.

Religious circles have recently been excited by the trial and conviction of the Rev. H. W. Thomas, of Chicago, for heresy. Dr. Thomas was the pastor of the Centenary Methodist Church of Chicago, and his trial has done more to bring his church into prominence than years of preaching could do. He has been many years in the ministry and many criminals have been reformed by his preaching. His views expressed at the funeral of J. W. Coon, the billiardist, were considered too broad and resulted in his conviction of heresy.

#### Benjamin Wasserman.

Benjamin Wasserman is the name of a young man in Cincinnati, who has earned the enmity of the Ticket Scalper's Union by alleged questionable practices. He was arrested on Sept. 12 last, upon a warrant sworn out before Squire Marchant, by Samuel Stevenson, General Ticket



A VIRTUOUS CANINE

FORFEITS THE FAVOR OF THE SERVANT GIRL AND CAUSES A RUMPUS IN A QUIET FAMILY CIRCLE; OMAHA, NEB.



Agent of the C. H. & D. R. R., charged with having fraudulently changed the date upon tickets issued by the railroad company. It appears that the company had issued tickets good until August 31st, and a passenger of the road recently presented one of the tickets with the date erased and September 31st inserted in its place. The passenger was compelled to pay his fare, and the conductor took up the ticket. The passenger thereupon reported the case to the railroad company, stating where he purchased the ticket. Mr. Stevenson acted promptly upon the information, and had Wasserman arrested for changing the date on the ticket.

#### Harry Monroe, Champion Swimmer.

Harry Monroe, the famous swimmer, whose portrait appears in this issue, is considered one of the greatest swimmers in this country. He has won numerous matches and it is said that he can beat anyone over any course from one to fifty miles. He was recently matched against Blondell for the championship but the match fell through.

Monroe sends the following challenge:

CINCINNATI, OHIO, Oct. 2, 1881.

To the Sporting Editor of POLICE GAZETTE:

DEAR SIR: I am prepared to swim any man in America from one to ten miles for from \$250 to \$500 a side. Any one eager to accept this challenge will send on a forfeit to the POLICE GAZETTE.

HARRY MONROE.

Sundstrom of South Brooklyn would be a



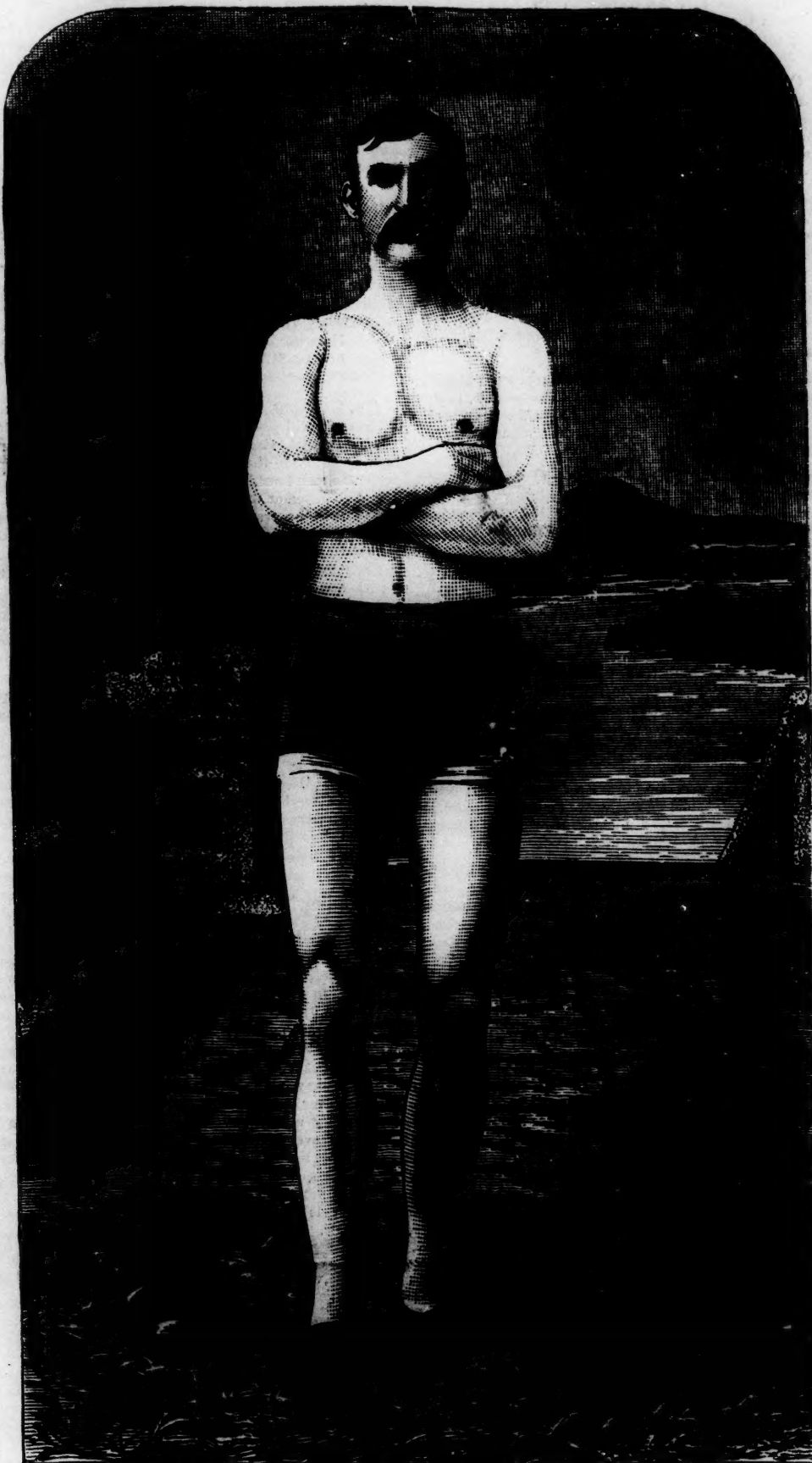
HARRY MONROE,

CHAMPION SWIMMER OF AMERICA.

capital match for Monroe, and a race between them will be a success.

#### Harry Lees, English Champion Swimmer.

In this issue we publish a picture of Harry



POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

JOHN DANE,

CHAMPION JUMPER OF MICHIGAN, OPEN TO JUMP ANY MAN IN THE WORLD.

Lees, the famous English swimmer. Lees stands 5 feet 11 inches in height, weight 140 pounds. He has won numerous matches and claims to be able to swim across the English Channel, from Dover to Calais, and at last advises he was preparing to accomplish the feat.

#### John Dane, Champion Jumper of Michigan.

In this issue we publish a picture of John Dane, of Alpena, Mich., who writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that he is ready to arrange a match to jump one single standing jump against any man in the world for \$1,000. Dane is 31 years of age and weighs 165 pounds. It is claimed that Dane can jump 14 feet 9 inches with weights in a single standing broad jump.

Munger and Kouns of Jefferson City, Mo., were occasionally seized with a desire to murder each other. Kouns fired at Munger three times without hitting him, owing to the fractiousness of the mule on which he was riding. A few months afterward Munger took deliberate aim at Kouns, who was rowing in a boat, and missed him because the craft was rocked by waves. The shooting has ended in Munger's death at last, for Kouns crept close behind him as he sat at dinner and held the muzzle of the gun against the back of his head.

A stalwart Indian appeared the other day at Aylmer, Quebec, with a dusky companion by his side whom he wished to wed. Both parties seemed to be rejoiced, but suddenly the



HARRY LEES,

CHAMPION SWIMMER OF ENGLAND.

maiden changed her mind and refused to become his bride. Big Indian told her to go home and bring him back all the presents he had made her, and while she was absent he secured another woman, gave her the wedding costume intended for the one that had discarded him and married her.



WHO'S AFRAID?

HOW A BRAVE MAN AND HIS WIFE HUNTED FOR BURGLARS AND DAMAGED THE WALL; PITTSBURG, PA.



BOUNCING THE UNDERTAKER,

AND SMASHING THE COFFIN—AN ANGRY MOTHER'S DESPERATE FIGHT FOR THE BODY OF HER DEAD CHILD; PHILADELPHIA, PA.



POLICE GAZETTE

**RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.**  
183 William Street, New York.

Association of Washington, to be trotted for October 11, 12, 13, 14, did not fill, and has been declared off. A running meeting will be substituted for the trotting meeting.

him four rounds, Queensbury rules, has been accepted by Owney Geoghegan on behalf of an unknown.

by Johnny Roche, who trained Ryan when he fought Joe Goss and won the championship. A tremendous crowd was present, and at 8:30 p. m. over three thousand

WITNESSES: JOHN STOCK, GEORGE BROWN,  
Ed. B. STANLEY



## CORRESPONDENCE.

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G. W., Lexington, Ky.—Tom Allen did not forfeit his bonds and leave mysteriously for England after his fight with Joe Goss.

S. W., Liverpool, Ky.—John O. Heenan was defeated by John Morrissey in eleven rounds, lasting 21 minutes at Long Point, Canada, October 20, 1857.

M. H., Chicago, Ill.—Joe Goss and Tom Allen fought in Kentucky on Sept. 7, 1878. 2. No. Hanlan was considered champion after the Centennial Regatta.

KENSINGTON BOY, Denver, Col.—Charles Goss, now on the police force in your city, never defeated John McMahon nor he never won the championship.

BROOKLYNITE, Brooklyn, N. Y.—On July 9, 1877 Johnny Dwyer deposited \$500 for a fight and challenged Tom Allen or any man in America to fight for the championship of America.

H. W., Boston, Mass.—Merrill, the champion amateur walker, failed to beat 14m. 2s. the two-mile walking record, at Mott Haven, N. Y., September 17. Merrill covered the distance in 14m. 6 1-2s.

M. F. S., Terrville, D. T.—J. L. Sullivan and Joe Goss never fought in or out of the ring. At a sparring exhibition at Boston Sullivan sparred four rounds with him and knocked the English pugilist out of time.

J. W., Charleston, Mass.—Henry (Blower) Brown was born in 1862. 2. His best six day record was made in the race for the Astley Belt, representing the English championship, Feb. 16, 1880, when he covered 350 miles in 140 hours and 20 minutes. 3. Dan Kelly.

G. W., Montreal, N. Y.—We consider William Goss to be the best champion endurance walker of the world. 2. No. 3. Frank Johnson is said to have walked 1,319 1-2 miles in 1,013 consecutive hours at Boston in the fall of 1869. 4. Little interest is taken in such performances.

PEDESTALIAN, Chicago, Ill.—1. You win: Weston has been defeated by O'Leary three times—at Chicago, England and San Francisco. 2. The score in the second race for the Astley Belt at New York, March, 1879, was Rowell, 500 miles; Ennis, 475; Harriman, 450; O'Leary, 215. 3. No.

G. S., Philadelphia, Pa.—1. James F. Carroll, the pugilist, resides at Northampton, Mass. 2. He was born at Lambeth, Eng., January 1, 1855. 3. He fought for several small stakes in England. 4. He is the same pugilist Joe Goss offered to match against Ed. McGlinchy of Bridgeport, Conn.

S. W., Utica, N. Y.—1. We do not believe the made charges against Shinkel, the stroke car of the Cornell crew. 2. It is our opinion they were trumped up to help remove the odium of Cornell's disgraceful defeats in England and Vienna. 3. We understood there was to have been an investigation.

M. W., Boston, Mass.—1. No. 2. Hanlan holds the title. 3. The Chicago base ball club won the championship (winning sixty-seven games) in 1880, and prospectively will win it again in 1881. 4. The following are the champion nine: A. C. Anson, 1st base; E. N. Williamson, 2d base; F. S. Flint, catcher; J. L. Quest, 2d base; A. Dwyer, left field; G. F. Gore, center field; Thomas Burns, shortstop; J. M. Kelly, right field; L. Corcoran, pitcher; F. E. Goldsmith, change pitcher and utility; Hugh Nicol, utility.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

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